



J. M. WINCHELL,  
Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.

J. M. WINCHELL,  
JAMES JOHONNOT, } Editors.

Vol. 2.—No. 4.

SYRACUSE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1849.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

## Original Articles.

### AUTUMN.

BY W. J. MAXWELL.

Autumn, all hail! my spirit springs  
From troubled sleep, to tune again  
The melancholy harp, whose strings  
Through all the Summer's burning reign  
Lay hushed amid their dreams.  
But now, among its chambers dim,  
The breeze that fans my fevered brow,  
Wakes what seems first a harvest hymn,  
And now a hum of birds, and now  
The gush of mountain streams.  
Most pensive of the sisters four  
Who rule in turn the varied year!  
Thee would I hail with song once more,  
Whose numbers shall express how dear  
My heart thy presence deems.

The husbandman has stored away  
With gratitude his ripened grain,  
And, now, each smiling, mellow day,  
Laden with fruits, the heavy wain  
Groaning, is homeward drawn.  
These labors done, at close of day  
The simple, rural sports, how sweet!  
To speed the time with converse gay,  
The vesper hour with song to greet,  
Or dance upon the lawn.  
To such, how sweet the night's repose,  
Unvexed by thoughts of sin or care,  
And hallowed by the praise that flows  
To Heaven, invoking by a prayer,  
Protection till the dawn.

And O 'tis joy to wander then,  
When sky and air alike are blue,  
Through wood and dale and mountain glen,  
And give the rein to thoughts which through  
The busy fancy crowd.  
Methinks yon fleecy web of haze,  
Suspended in the azure air,  
O'er which a beam of glory plays—  
So light, so thin, so wondrous fair—  
Methinks this little cloud  
Was wove to match the finest foam  
Engendered in a coral cave,  
Designed to be, in yon blue dome,  
A pall to deck a spirit's grave,  
As that a mermaid's shroud.

The gorgeous robing of the wood  
With splendor veils the season's close,  
As, in consumption's cheek, the blood  
With waning life more brightly glows  
And cheats the eye of love.

These fading glories of the year—  
Fit scenes for pensive mood are they;  
And well, no human footstep near,  
I love to lie and muse away,

Within the whispering grove,  
The moments rich in brilliance, caught  
From golden memories of youth,  
When life perpetual pleasures brought  
And doubt had never poisoned truth,  
Or dimmed the light of love.

And in an hour like this—a calm,  
Still hour,—the mind will find relief;  
Its influence will steal like balm  
Through bosoms which the brand of grief  
Has entered, but not seared;  
Then, softened by a scene which seems  
So much like manhood in decay,—  
Drawn back to childhood by its dreams—  
Our pride in tears will melt away  
Beneath the holy weird,  
And consolation to the soul  
Be given by the silent spell,  
And Hope, with soothing voice, console,  
And whisper, "All may yet be well,  
And life be yet endeared."

### THE PRESIDENT STORIES; OR, SEVEN NIGHTS AT WELCH'S.

BY CHARLES ACTON.\*

Again that favorite *restaurant* is the gathering  
home of "The Seven." Seven—a number sacred  
to the Jew, the ancient philosopher, the lover of  
melody; and now made doubly sacred to these, by  
the ties of brotherly love. Friendly hands have  
been warmly grasped; cordial salutations have  
been freely interchanged; the substantial luxuries  
of the house have been amply appropriated; and  
now, the President for the evening, is called upon  
for the narrative of his life, and love. We will  
describe him to our readers.

Scarcely of medium size or height, of well-round-

\*The author of "The President Stories" having been unable,  
from the pressure of official and family duties, and a precarious  
state of health, to prepare this No. of the series, his brother  
Harry has kindly taken upon himself the labor of writing "The  
Phoenix and the Truth-Seeker."—Charles Acton.

ed outline and symmetrical proportions, combining  
beauty, strength, agility, and capability of endur-  
ance—such is the bodily *contour* of the Presi-  
dent. So perfect a physical conformation could  
well endure the fatigues of the camp, or the toils of  
the ocean; and it would be universally admired in  
the fashionable saloon.

His features are of the finest mold; characteris-  
tic, regular, and even beautiful, evincing symmetry,  
completeness, and strength; and their ever-chang-  
ing expression bespeaks the rapid workings of the  
gigantic and restless spirit within. A finely form-  
ed head, adorned with the richest silken hair of a  
light, auburn shade, and an eye of dark but kindly  
blue, whose welcome is winning mildness, but  
whose scathing frown is a tempest of wrath—all  
indicate a soul well fitted to arouse, to lead, to guide  
his fellow men. Whoever might be first, he could  
not long be second;—he could not remain in a  
subordinate and machine-going sphere. He would  
not be a copyist; he could not be a servile. The  
restless energies of his powerful genius ever urged  
him onward to vigorous and almost ceaseless exer-  
tion. He would not long be hampered or crushed.  
He must cease to exist, or else obey the divinity  
within. Like the smothered fire of the burdened  
volcano, every obstacle only chafed the heaving tu-  
mult and concentrated its strength: to such a spirit,  
freedom and existence are synonymous terms.—  
Our hero inherited from his commingling ancestry  
—on the one side, the courtly pride, the daring  
chivalry, the high-souled independence, and the  
punctilious honor of the fiery Castilian;—and, on  
the other, the ascetic strength and perseverance of  
the invincible Goth.

With these strong, and often opposing natures,  
he had struggled on amid the varying vicissitudes  
of a hitherto often suffering and singular career.

No smile was sweeter than his, no voice more  
melodious, no countenance more winning, amid  
the social companionship of intimate friends. But  
when he spoke of the opposition he had encounter-  
ed, the malicious enmities he had suffered, the  
blighting selfishness, tyranny, and hypocrisy that  
had beset his path—then, the wild fire of his eye,  
the compressed and bloodless lip, and the rapid play  
of his features, from hopeful brightness to despond-  
ing gloom—from hateful scorn to forgiving pity—  
proved too plainly that he had experienced all the  
intense energy of omnipotent passion, and had  
drunk to the utmost, both of sorrow and of joy.

Such is the subject of our narrative: his name is  
HERNANDO VAN KELDT.

But he is ready to begin; and without further



preface, we will listen to the history of his love and his wrongs.

#### THE PHARISEE AND THE TRUTH-SEEKER.

Gentlemen, my story is a wild one, but not without its moral. My griefs have been many, but not unmingled with joy. Much of my life has been in tempests, but it is now more peaceful. My love has been tried as by fire, but it has survived the flames. Rest, and Amelia, and Heaven will yet be mine.

Near the banks of the Mohawk, life and I began our associated journey. Of my father, I have little knowledge, as he died during my infancy. The care of my brothers, sisters, myself, and our patrimony, devolved upon my amiable and pious mother, who was, to her children, truly a parent, a counselor, a guide. The district school and a neighboring academy, furnished my only, but well improved advantages for learning. Of my juvenile years, their innocent pleasures and instructive admonitions, I will mention but one circumstance; one which gives some index to my character, and to the misfortunes that have embittered my life.

My excellent mother was not only a church-member but a Christian; and, in my Sunday's best, she generally took me, with the rest of the family, to the various religious meetings, and to the Sabbath school. When about ten years of age, Death took from our companionship my youngest sister; and with bleeding hearts, we followed her remains to the silent grave. While preaching her funeral sermon, our minister, with a cruelty almost without precedent, attempted to prove that all who died in their infancy, must inevitably be eternally lost. Struck with horror at the idea that my sinless little sister should suffer all the misery of the most agonizing and unending torture, after my gloomy return from the burial, I told my mother, in all the fullness of an overflowing heart, that, "I never could even wish to go to Heaven, if my lovely sister must be sent to Hell—that if I could ever believe the universe was governed by such a Deity as that, hatred must be the only sincere offering that I could bestow; I could never love such a God, and would gladly enlist with the rebelling angels to cast him down from his throne."

My mother, almost phrenzied with grief and terror at her loss and the dreadful doom which her minister, in the agonizing moments of her bereavement, had so unfeelingly pronounced, and even more by my remarkable language, which, to her, doubtless, appeared almost blasphemy, suddenly exclaimed, as she clasped me in her arms, "O my child, do not, do not speak such wicked words!—You will kill your miserable, distracted mother."

Sobs and tears were my only answer. I could not speak; my heart was too full. I could rebel against a Deity who would inflict unending tortures and miseries upon my departed sister; but I could not rebel against my mother's imploring tears.

Soon, her mind involuntarily reverted to what she had heard declared to be the horrid destiny of her darling daughter, and she cried out, "O, dreadful thought! Must she suffer? Must she suffer forever? Is there no hope? O, my breaking heart! Is she lost, lost, lost forever? O, it must not be!" Then recollecting herself, she tried to say, amid her anguish and her tears, "Not my will, but thine, O God, be done."

These almost involuntary expressions of my mother, were soon followed by at least an apparent resignation; for she was too devout, and had too long been indoctrinated into all the mysticisms of her creed, to be staggered by anything which con-

flicted with the teachings of her parents and her church. The arguments which her own reading, or reflection, or the language of others, suggested to her, were immediately stifled by the conviction that they were merely temptations of Satan, which it was her duty to banish instantly from memory and from thought. Thus it often happens, in matters of religious faith, that the most wild and unreasonable dogmas secure the most implicit acknowledgment; for every prompting of our better nature, every revulsion of our kindlier feelings, every warning of our Conscience and our Reason, that conflicts with the adopted creed, is immediately accounted a dangerous whispering of Satan's tempting and deceiving lies.

Not long after this event, I was called into the presence of the minister, to whom my language had been reported by my mother; but he, instead of attempting to convince me by his superior knowledge, cruelly denounced me as guilty of impiety and blasphemy, threatened me with terrific pictures of eternal woe, and gave me lessons for committal—not in the Bible, but in the creed to which he wished my assent; vainly hoping that such a course would frighten me to submission, or satisfy my growing doubts. In that creed, I found not only the condemnation of infants and heathen, but also the sentiment, that God, from before the foundation of the world, without any reference to faith or good works, or any other condition or reason, had predestined a certain fixed and unchangeable number of angels and men to all the joys of Heaven; while all others were, in the same indiscriminate and unreasonable manner, passed by and fore-ordained to all the woes of everlasting death. This, too, was all to the praise of his glorious justice and grace.

Such dogmas were so repugnant to my feelings and to every idea I entertained of God and of right, that from so early an age, I began to detest my paternal creed and to read the Bible regularly and studiously for myself.

At the age of fifteen, with the consent of my mother, I went, with an old acquaintance, to a distant part of the State, and soon became a merchant's clerk in the little village of N—. Here, my integrity and devotion to business, won the highest confidence of my employer; and the occupation of my leisure moments, principally in reading the Bible in connection with commentaries and theological works, greatly increased my biblical lore. Separated from the counseling guidance of my mother, and commencing the world for myself, I had thus early chosen this brief motto, as the guiding star of my life—*Seek truth—obey conscience—trust in God.*

Two years were here happily, honorably, profitably passed. All was sunshine; all was peace.—The rainbow of promise seemed to gild my brightest hopes. Then came over me cloud, and gloom, and storm.

It was a period of general religious excitement; and Littlejohn, a famous revivalist, appeared among us. His eccentric manner attracted universal attention; his bold and enthusiastic preaching drew crowds of hearers; his eloquence, ranging from the most beautiful descriptions of unending bliss, to terrible and heart-chilling pictures of eternal woe, had an electrical effect upon his auditors; and he seemed to control them as with a wand of magic power.

I have often wondered that any man could ever stand up before his fellows, and warn them of the road to ruin, and point out the way to bliss, without being eloquent. Eternity, Heaven, Hell, the Soul, Immortality, ceaseless misery, never-ending bliss—

these are subjects of such magnitude—so important, so paramount to all others—that when a minister presents them as true, and yet talks of them to unfeeling or sleeping hearers as coldly as of a commonplace and trivial event, the question involuntarily arises, "Do you feel—do you even believe what you so indifferently declare?" Yet, such was the character of our clergyman; and I must believe he was a good, an honest, a devoted man. Of a cold, unexcitable temperament, early devoted by his parents to the clerical profession, spending nearly half a score of his youthful years in the straight-jacket routine of theological study and strictly supervised preparation, he had never experienced either the wandering impulses, the foibles, the follies, or the temptations of human life, nor had he learned what fountains of feeling, passion, joy, and sorrow, are in the human heart. Even his marriage was by the advice and direction of friends; for in his bosom, never was kindled the deep and holy flame of passionate love: he offered the remainder of his life upon the altar of Hymen as a matter of scriptural duty, instead of paying zealous, heart-felt devotion to this bounteous author of so much sublunary bliss. This man seldom laughed; he never wept; he knew but little of the world, but little of the human heart; his preaching was cold, and formal, and powerless; but it served to keep up the usual routine of service and to quiet the drowsy consciences of his flock.

What a change, then, might not be expected from the opposite character and conduct of our new comer! Littlejohn, on his way to the village, told one of the individuals he met, that he was on the road to Hell; another, that the Day of Judgment was at hand; and thus, wherever he went, curiosity and excitement attended his course. By his visits throughout the place, and by daily meetings for prayer, and speaking and preaching, he infused rapidly the same emboldened zeal into others, and it soon became the absorbing and prevailing spirit. At first, a few youth were the only converts; but ere long, the oldest and most hardened sinners crowded to the altar of prayer, and outstripped even venerable professors in their devoted zeal.—As the revival progressed, the boldness and energy of its actors increased. In many families, business was entirely suspended; and the flocks and the herds learned, by unpleasant experience, to depend on their own invention and ability to allay the calls of hunger and thirst, rather than on their owner's protection and care. Meetings were sometimes held during nearly the entire night; and then might be heard the harmonies and discords of scores of voices often raised to the intensest pitch of excitement and power, frequently accompanied by physical contortions and the most singular and impassioned movements and exclamations, followed, perhaps, by a total loss of strength;—to these, add the groans, and lamentations, and shrieks of those who were praying with the most heart-rending agony for mercy, while others, with laughing jeers and sneering scoffs, openly and wildly ridiculed every varying phase in the scene before them;—and to all, add the impetuous, extravagant, and exciting exhortations—the threats, and the imprecations of the preacher—and the scene presented a confused, bewildering, impressive, yet moving chaos, which no imagination can conceive, no tongue portray, no pen describe. Several lay apparently entranced for hours, and afterwards related accounts of Heaven or Hell, of angels or demons, of blissful scenes or infernal horrors, with minute precision and all the earnestness of present reality. Groups often went home from these assemblings, shouting and singing on their way; and many a one stopped by



the wayside, or in some neighboring grove, to offer up additional prayer. The sleeping sinner was sometimes aroused from his slumbers by the warning call of some zealous friend who came to tell him of the wrath to come, and to offer a last hope of mercy and salvation. A few gave to Littlejohn, and to various individuals and projects, much, or all, of that subsistence which was needed for the maintenance and education of their children; trusting in God, as they said, for future comforts and support. Two or three, supposing they had committed the unpardonable sin, became wild with phrenzy and despair, and soon afterward ended their ghastly visions with the grave.

Amid such transactions, young and susceptible as I was, could I remain indifferent and unfeeling? True, I had learned, by a letter from a distant friend, somewhat of the indiscretions and errors of Littlejohn, and my own watchful observation had added much to my suspicions; but such was the wonderful influence that seemed to pervade the place, that I was led seriously to inquire whether these remarkable events could be induced otherwise than by the direct interposition of Almighty power. "Is this mere excitement? or is it religion?" was my constant query; and I studiously examined every circumstance, and tried to analyze my own feelings, to satisfy my queries and my doubts.

A few, openly derided and interrupted these gatherings, and all who were engaged in them; and carried out the most extravagant and blasphemous measures of opposition. With them, I had no sympathy, no association. That any religious assembly should be disturbed, or any individual, whether in error or in truth, whether Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, or Pagan, should be ridiculed or opposed for worshipping the God of his faith or his conscience, was repugnant to every principle and feeling of my nature. I was, therefore, a silent and respectful observer of the scenes I have described; and, sometimes, I deeply felt their exciting influence even amid my strongest suspicions and doubts. While about my daily duties, the mingled voices of the previous meeting, rang continually in my ears; and, at night, if I slept, it was amid visions of terror too horrible to describe. I had resolved, if a convert, never to become one amid the scenes of a public meeting; for I feared that excitement and circumstances might lead me to believe a baseless fiction or a phrenzied dream. One night, after trying in vain to sleep, I went to a distant wood, and there, amid wildness and gloom, gave utterance to the darker wilderness of my spirit, by long hours of audible, sincere, earnest, agonizing prayer. Finally, the morning light gilded the hills and drove darkness from the valleys, but none other than physical light dawned upon me; no special influence or revelation was granted in answer to my supplications.

Soon after this event, Littlejohn, at a public meeting, came to me, among others, with pen and paper, to know if I would give my name to the Lord or Satan; for Heaven or Hell; as this was, probably, the last warning opportunity I should ever have to decide. I calmly objected to giving him my name in that singular manner; when, with a sudden dash of the pen, he exclaimed, "Here, take your choice; go to perdition, if you will, and suffer torture forever!" Afterwards, he sometimes, in public prayer, boldly called me, by name, a skeptic, an infidel; one who had probably committed the unpardonable sin, and whose portion was misery without end. Such conduct produced an entire revolution in my feelings—at least towards him; and having learned, by letters and otherwise, some

base points in his history, I determined to expose his character to public scorn. Accordingly at a conference meeting, where all were privileged to speak, I rose and said,

"Friends, the events of the few past weeks have been so remarkable as to astonish us all; and, though we do not witness these scenes with similar convictions, I willingly concede to you honesty, and honorable motives, and claim the same for myself. You are seeking for truth, and happiness, and Heaven; and wish to pay proper adoration to the Eternal and Supreme. I, also, in my way, in accordance with my best judgment, as honestly desire the same; but I have been basely maligned; and, from that sacred desk, the most opprobrious epithets have been cruelly heaped upon my head. Their author, I am satisfied, has not only assailed me wantonly and unjustly, but he is himself guilty of such sins that he cannot be what he pretends, nor what you suppose; and, for proof of this, I wish to read a well authenticated chapter from his recent history, for the purpose of"—

"A lie! a lie! a forgery!" exclaimed Littlejohn, in a voice of thunder, "a base and blasphemous fabrication! Has this stubborn infidel resorted to such an infamous trick as this? Let us pray!" The effect of his manner and of these few words was electrical. In a moment, the audience were mostly on their knees in tumultuous and commingled prayer; and I stood there, in their eyes, a hardened, unpardonable wretch, guilty, too, of falsehood, and of forgery. Astonished, stupefied, phrenzied, I rushed from the house, hastened to my room, and spent the night amid the bewildered outbursts of passion, and in planning my departure from the place, immediately and forever.

The next day, my employer frankly told me he thought I was correct in all my suspicions and avowals, but had been rash and indiscreet in thus making my public accusations; that such was the maddened excitement now aroused against me in the community, that it was for his interest to discontinue me, at least temporarily, from his employment, which he would amply recompense by securing a better situation in a distant city. Gladly I embraced the offer, and was soon, unknown to almost all my acquaintances, established in the city as a clerk, awaiting new adventures and new trials. The city was to me a new world and a new life; and I resolved to improve my advantages, and to become thoroughly acquainted with the wonders around me. I always carried a city map; and, in my walks, generally traveled a new street, or visited some new locality, at every ramble. On the Sabbath, I commenced as regular an attendance at the churches, determining to visit them all; and thus, by systematically varying my observations, soon obtained more real knowledge of the city than others who had therein stupidly spent many years. Well warned of the temptations and dangers of city life, how generally it proved a slaughter-house to the morals, the hopes, the health, and the lives of youthful adventurers like myself, I deliberately and invariably shaped my course in accordance with my reason and conscience, and thus escaped the dreadful whirlpools of intemperance, gaming, dissipation, and vice, that draw so many into the vortex of infamy and premature death. Diligent in business, I soon secured the entire confidence of my employers. One beautiful Sabbath morning, my tour of the churches was being completed with one of the most costly and splendid ones in the city. The dignified and massive proportions of the edifice; the costly finishing of its interior, the imposing appearance of the large and richly dressed congregation; the deep-toned music of the organ;

the solemn, thrilling melody of the choir; the grave and dignified manner of the minister;—all formed a scene of imposing and impressive solemnity.

Seated conveniently for observation during the intervals and changes of service, I rapidly read the physiognomic and phrenologic peculiarities before and around me; my eye resting momentarily on some countenance, marked, peculiar, and strongly characteristic, but oftener and longer on the embodiments of beauty and loveliness that graced the assembly. Finally, in the choir, one face kept my attention as if by magic power. It was that of one who, though scarcely seventeen, was already widely known by the singular and doubly complimentary sobriquet—"The Pious Belle."

I can easily bring her in imagination before me; yet how shall I describe her? Woman, and youth, and beauty, and talent, and piety are there! How glorious the combination! How human, and yet how divine! Rather tall, and of slender proportions, her movements possessed a grace and dignity that royalty might well covet.

"*Et vera incessu patuit Dea;*"

of the fairest and lightest complexion, scarcely tinged with the bloom of health, but often mantling with the flush of excitement, she had a large and expressive brow, and features too strongly marked with intellect to be beautiful, if the sacred look of an angel, and the fascinating witchery of woman's kindling smile, had not been wrought into their wonderful expression. Her dark auburn hair, more glossy than the richest silk, generally lay in ample tresses about her neck; and her eyes—those rare, soft, dark eyes, that unite the tenderness of the blue, with their own radiant fire—sometimes melted into crystal flame, and anon relapsed into the mild serenity of heaven. Her whole expression was so lovely, so amiable, so angelic, that she seemed to need only the pinions, to become an angel, indeed. None looked upon her but with admiration; none knew her but to love.

Yet 'twas not

"Love through certain strainers well refined;" it was like that peaceful, devoted adoration with which the pious worshiper adores his ideal of seraphs above.

"'Twas not alone the loveliness

That falls to loveliest woman's share,  
Though, even here, her form could spare  
From its own beauty's rich excess,

Enough to make all others fair—  
But 'twas the MIND, sparkling about  
Through her whole frame—the soul brought out  
To light each charm, yet independent

Of what it lighted, as the sun,  
That shines on flowers, would be resplendent

Were there no flowers to shine upon—

'Twas this, all this, in one combined;

The unnumbered looks and arts that form  
The glory of young woman-kind,

Taken in their first fusion, warm,

Ere time had chilled a single charm,

And stamped with such a zeal of Mind,

As gave to beauties—that might be

Too sensual else, too unrefined—

The impress of divinity!"

Is it, then, remarkable that I became a constant attendant at this church? The sight of that face, and the sound of that voice, pouring forth rich, natural, heart-felt harmony, were alone sufficient to make me a regular and devoted member of the congregation. The more I saw, the more I heard, the more I mused—the more deep and powerful were my emotions. At length, my feelings sought expression and relief in the realms of song. I be-



gan to string jingles of rhyme. Fancies of angels, and paradise, and of that divided felicity, whose proper fraction is always greater than the solitary unit—these flitted rapidly across my fevered brain, and were feebly imaged forth by words. There was, in this, a mode of seeming converse, which I failed not to improve. A sonnet or a song, temporarily allayed, while it deepened and strengthened the ruling passion of my heart. "Thus, with me, began love and verse." At last, I ventured to send some of my effusions—not to my angel, for that I considered too rash and presuming, but—to the city press. They were well received, and even appeared commendably in type; and some of them were honored with an extended republication. My confidence and my ambition grew with my success. Soon I felt so much emboldened by my fortune as a rhymster, and my increased knowledge of the world, that I determined to obtain a nearer approach to the being I adored. Fortunately, the meetings of the Sewing Circle, where the pious and the charitable assemble to do good, the sociable to visit, and the restless and curious to learn something new, presented me a favorable opportunity.

I accordingly went—was introduced—introduced to Miss Amelia McLaurin. I did not, however, make much use of the privileges offered by my introduction; for an oppressive, undefinable dread, long kept me from anything more than a timid, distant, but Argus-eyed acquaintance. My orbit was nearer the sun; but I kept on my course, and only basked like others, in its benignant rays.—Soon after, I began to mail to her, *incog*, some of my tenderest sonnets and most devoted rhymes.—She might know she was loved, though her lover yet languished undiscovered. This was nearer worship, but safe; for perhaps, it might conceal from me her gentle but death-dealing *ray*. Thus, I long continued, always striving to be in her presence, but never daring to become familiar or unreserved. It was, however, only torture upon beds of down. Closely, but carelessly, I observed all her movements and associations; and, among her numerous admirers and suitors, feared constantly that I should discover some one more favored and fortunate than myself—who had already acquired the sacred and priceless treasure of her heart.—One, I soon observed, gifted with the highest physical, mental, and social attractions, who seemed to claim and to receive more favor than the rest. Often did my heart sink into desponding gloom, as her eye kindled at the sallies of his wit, or was fixed by his thoughtful, eloquent, persuasive words.—I often thought her his; yet I only respected him the more. High-souled, learned, talented, virtuous, and social, he was worthy even of Amelia's confidence and love. That is not *true* love—it is only a selfish and superficial attachment—which seeks one's own happiness by the sacrifice of a rival more worthy and more beloved. I loved Amelia, not only for my sake, but also still more for her own; and I would have resigned her to another, even though she were my betrothed, if satisfied that my irreparable loss would prove to her a felicitous gain. Thought I, if she can love me supremely, earth will soon be to me a heaven; but if another be thus favored, I will bear my griefs with fortitude, or bury them in an early and welcome grave.

Finally, upon such an occasion as I have mentioned, amid a general melee of promiscuous and animated conversation, in which some of the party had quoted sentiments and poetry for each others' amusement or instruction, Amelia carelessly repeated a couplet of my own. Astonished, as you may well imagine, by this singular circumstance,

yet I was so emboldened, that, as soon as I could do it without evidencing haste, I was by her side and finished the stanza she had thus begun. I was so anxious, so determined, that while my voice tremblingly articulated the words, I desperately resolved, with a gaze of intensity, not merely *at* but *into* and *through* her eyes, to read the language of her soul. A look of pleasant surprise; then a flush, sudden as thought, and deep as crimson, overspread her features; and her varying glance passed from mine to the floor, speaking somewhat of shame for herself, somewhat of approval for me.

"What is the matter, Amelia?" said one of her companions, passing by at that moment. "O, nothing," she replied, taking her arm; and going to another part of the room, as he left me to meditate on the remarkable event just transpired.

She now knew her poet-adorer; and I imagined that her feelings towards me were not those of refusal or scorn. On subsequent occasions, her kind and welcoming manner encouraged me; and I was frequently in her presence, and more familiar in my attentions. Occasionally, a moonlight walk, or a prolonged call at her home, gave me opportunity to become more intimately acquainted; to drink in the melody of her voice, to bask in the sunlight of her smile, and to be more deeply fascinated with the singular and complete harmony of her character.

She harbored no dissimulation, no guile; and she imagined it not in others. When mingling with her companions, her salutations and her conversation were, therefore, always sincere, earnest, cheerful, happy. Her observations upon nature were enthusiastic and devout. She could discover new beauties in every plant and flower; in every varying aspect of cloud and sky; her happy spirit seemed inspired by the beauty and grandeur of God's creation; it echoed the harmony of the spheres, and read with facility the sublime poetry of heaven.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

### THE PRIDE OF JUDGMENT.

We lose the trustfulness and artlessness of childhood, as we depart from years of youth and innocence, and mingle with the world. Ambition and the pride of intellect enter the heart, and build up to themselves altars there on which is offered incense to the builders, and would establish creeds by envious overturning of the faith honored and hallowed by the adherence of the sainted fathers.

O presumptuous man, and the offspring of thy reason! Infidelity, to think to fathom and annihilate God's mysteries inscrutable! You would be counted mad, to light dim, earthly tapers, and go out into the effulgent blaze of noonday, thinking to discern the Sun thereby, the Source of Light; yet thy reason's pride has even more of madness,—for thou goest out into the realms of God with thy weak and dust-dimmed ember, reason, and there presumest to make more wise the giver of that gift, Supreme Intelligence,—with reason's feeble light, to make more luminous transcendent radiance; the self-sustained, omniscient, living God, Creator of the sun and thee, and source of all light, reason and truth.

O, be humble! build not up to thyself a creed reaching to Heaven, from whose self-proud apex thou shalt enter those celestial realms, of thine own will; but trust to what in mercy is vouchsafed to thee—bow meekly here on earth, and pray always—Father, *thy* will, not *mine*, be done.

CATHOLIC.

## Select Miscellany.

### St. Peter and the three Spirits.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

A departed spirit to Heaven's gate came,  
From the city of Mentz so fair,  
He knocked and called, "pray, open the door,"  
Says Peter within, "who is there?"

Gaily he answered, and the latch he tried,  
"A Catholic Christian am I—  
"The faith universal"—But Peter replied,  
"Sit down on that bench hard by."

Next from Zurich came to the gate of Heaven  
Another, who called aloud,  
And Peter again, demanded his name;  
"A Calvinist Christian, my faith I proclaim,  
Of my creed I may well be proud."

"Sit down on the bench," said Peter again;  
Then a Hamburg merchant drew near,  
He knocked for admittance, the Saint asked his  
name,  
He responded without any fear,

"I'm a Lutheran Christian, the only true faith,"  
"On the outside bench repose."  
And now Catholic, Calvinist, Lutheran, all  
Wait to see when the gate shall unclose.

About them they gaze, and in silence admire  
How the sun, moon and stars move on  
In union most lovely, and how Heaven's choir  
Join their praises with rapturous tone.

They heard Heaven's music, they breathed Heaven's air,  
Their hearts were to ecstasy raised,  
They were silent no longer, they joined in one  
song,  
"All glory to God—ever praised."

At this anthem united, the gates opened wide,  
And St. Peter now welcomed them in—  
Earth's disputings no longer their spirits divide,  
Left behind is all folly and sin.

### THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

Translated from the German of Steffens,  
BY S. ESSJAY.

Seeland has, on the north-west, a narrow and sandy strip of land, joining it with a fertile peninsula, which is covered with pleasant villages, and forms a district of its own.—But beyond the single small town, the peninsula juts out into the wild Cattegat. This projection presents a terribly naked and rude aspect; the eye in vain looks for cultivation; nothing is to be seen except the numerous sand-hills, which, urged by the storms that here sweep unhindered over the land, are continually changing their places. An hour I once passed in this region, has left in my memory a picture of the wildest desolation, and was not indeed without danger.

I was riding alone through the naked, sandy country, when, from the sea to the north, there came up a heavy thunder storm. The waves rose, the restless clouds chased each other along the heavens, the sky became darker and more threatening, the sand which seemed to collect in larger and larger masses un-



der my horse's feet, rose in a whirlwind and filled the air. The path could no longer be distinguished. The horse sank deep in the loose sand; sky, earth and sea were all blended together, and every object wrapped in a cloud of dust. There was no trace of life or vegetation. The storm whistled through the air, the waves of the near sea lashed the shore, the thunder rolled in the distance, and through the thick obscurity the dim, red lightening could scarcely penetrate.

I thought myself in some danger, when suddenly a torrent of rain precipitated the sand, and enabled me, completely wet through, to find my way to the small town. It was certainly an awful mingling of all the elements. As the earthquake is a sigh from the deep heart of nature, so this chaos, thought I, may be called the picture of a storm-tost soul.—With every hope destroyed; every joy overwhelmed; the ruins of the Past covering the deserted home of restless passions; the voice of conscience threatening, thunder-like, in the distance; the consuming fire dimly shining into the gloomy soul, till the long-dried fountains of tears gush forth, and melancholy engulfs the torn spirit in her waves.

In this dreary country once stood the village of Norwig, situated about a mile distant from the shore. The quicksand has covered the village; the inhabitants, mostly skippers and fishermen, have settled themselves close to the sea, and only the strongly built church, placed on a hill, now stands there, surrounded by the dreary, movable desert. This church was the theater of the mysterious tale which I am going to relate. The time was the first half of the last century.

In his solitary room sat the venerable preacher, absorbed in pious meditation. It was towards midnight. The preacher's house stood at the end of the village, and, according to the simple manners of the inhabitants, to whom bolts and locks were unknown, every door was unfastened. The lamp burned dimly, the solemn silence was interrupted only by the murmuring of the sea, and the pale moon looked at her image in the smooth waters.

Suddenly the door below opened, firm steps were heard on the stairs, and the preacher expected a summons to visit the death-bed of some member of his flock. Two strangers, wrapped in white cloaks, entered the room. The foremost approached him courteously.—“Sir,” said he, “you will please to go with us immediately. We wish you to perform the marriage ceremony. Already the bridal couple wait us in the distant church. This sum,” continued he, showing a purse full of gold, “will sufficiently compensate your time and trouble.”

The old man gazed in silent awe at the strange figures before him, who seemed to have something terrible and phantom-like about them. The stranger urgently repeated his demand. When the old man had recovered himself, he began mildly to represent to his visitor, that his office did not permit him to perform so solemn an act without an acquaintance with the persons, and a due observance of all the formalities enjoined by the laws.

The other person now advanced. “Sir,” said he, sternly, “you have your choice; to follow us and do our biddings, or to remain here in which case a ball passes through your

head.” He drew a pistol from his bosom, and awaited the answer. The old preacher turned pale, rose in silence, dressed himself quickly, and said, “I am ready.” The strangers had spoken Danish, but in such a manner as to betray that they were foreigners. The mysterious men went quickly out in the still night, and passed through the village; the preacher followed. It was a night in autumn, and now quite dark, for the moon had set. As they stepped out of the village, what was the surprise of the bewildered old man to see his church brightly illuminated! Silently and quickly over sandy ground moved his companions, wrapped in their white cloaks, and trembling and thoughtful he walked near them.—

When they reached the church, they bandaged his eyes. He heard the grating of the familiar side-door, and felt that he was in the midst of a crowd. The murmur of voices filled the church, and the conversation of those nearest him was carried on in a language of which he was completely ignorant. He fancied that it might be Russian. As thus blindfold and pressed on all sides, he stood there, uncertain what to expect, a hand seized him and drew him through the throng.

At length it seemed to him that the crowd fell back; the bandage was removed; he recognized one of his nocturnal visitors, and found himself standing before the altar. The altar was adorned with a row of large, burning wax lights, in splendid, silver candlesticks.—The church was so brightly lighted that the most remote objects were distinctly seen, and if, shortly before, when blinded in the crowd, the murmuring voices had been terrible to him, the frightful silence of the multitude now filled his soul with deeper awe.

Although the side aisles and seats were filled with men, the middle aisle was entirely empty, and the preacher perceived below him a newly opened grave. The stone which had formerly covered it, leaning stood against a pillar. The preacher looked around him, and could see men only in the crowd, save that in a remote seat, he thought he could indistinctly perceive the figure of a woman. The silence lasted some minutes, unbroken by a single word or motion.

Thus, perhaps, in the misguided spot, a silent, gloomy brooding precedes each deed of crime.

At length rose one whose splendid dress distinguished him from the others, and betrayed his high rank. He stepped quickly along the empty aisle, while the crowd gazed at him, and the echo of his steps rang through the church. This man was of the middle height, broad-shouldered and strongly built. His hair was of a raven blackness, his face, of a yellowish brown, had good and severe features; the full lips were compressed as if in wrath; a bold, arched nose heightened the commanding expressions of his whole countenance, and long, dark and bushy eye-brows overshadowed the small, black eyes, in which a wild fire burned. He wore a green dress, trimmed with broad gold lace, and a star glittered on his breast.

—The bride, who knelt near him, was carefully and magnificently attired. A robe of sky blue, richly trimmed with silver, surrounded the full figure, and fell in large folds over the graceful limbs. A diadem, glittering with jewels, adorned the fair hair, and in the

wan face traces of exceeding beauty were visible. But the corpse-like cheeks looked as if chilled through with frost; every feature was rigid; the lips were deathly pale, the eyes fixed and without expression, and the relaxed arms hung down beside the drooping body.—So she knelt, an image of death, and an overpowering terror seemed to hold consciousness and even life, in a fast sleep.

Now first the preacher perceived an ugly old woman, in a grotesque, many-colored dress, with a blood-red turban on her head, who threw fierce and scornful looks on the kneeling bride. Behind the bridegroom stood a gigantic man, of dark aspect, who gazed straight before him with immovable seriousness.

Paralyzed with terror, the preacher remained silent for some time, when a wild look from the bridegroom reminded him of the service expected from him. His confusion was increased by the uncertainty whether the bridal couple could understand his language. It seemed to him improbable. Nevertheless, collecting himself, he ventured to ask the bridegroom what names he was to use. “Neander and Feodora,” was the answer, in a rough voice.

The preacher began the marriage service with a faltering voice. In his confusion he made frequent mistakes, and was obliged to repeat his words. Of this the bridal pair took no notice, which confirmed him in his idea that the language he used must be unknown to both of them. When he asked, “Neander, wilt thou acknowledge Feodora, here kneeling at thy side, for thy lawful wife,” he doubted whether the bridegroom, in his ignorance of the Danish tongue, would be prepared to answer; but, to his surprise, in a voice so loud as to be almost a shout, a terrible “Yes” resounded through the whole church. Deep sighs, which every where broke from the crowd, accompanied the terrible Yes, and a silent shudder, transient as a flash of distant lightning, stirred the death-pale features of the bride.

The preacher turned to her, and, speaking louder, as if he would awaken her from that death-slumber, said, “Wilt thou, Feodora, acknowledge Neander, here kneeling at thy side for thy lawful husband? If so, answer by an audible yes.”

The inanimate bride awoke; a deep, dismal terror moved the relaxed cheeks; the pallid lips quivered; a transient fire shone in the eyes; the bosom heaved. Then a gush of tears quenched the fire of the eyes, and the “yes,” breathed like a cry of anguish from the dying seemed to find a deep echo in the involuntary tones of pain which burst from every breast in the crowd. The bride sank into the arms of the hateful old woman. Some minutes passed in awful silence. Then the pale bride knelt as before, in utter stupefaction, and the preacher finished the ceremony. The bridegroom rose and conducted the staggering bride to her former place; the old woman and the gigantic man followed.

The companions of the preacher again appeared, blindfolded him, drew him with some difficulty through the crowd, conducted him outside the door, which they bolted on the inside, and left him to himself. There he stood alone, and uncertain whether the late occurrence, with all its frightful and spectral cir-



cumstances, were not a dream which disturbed him. But when he had torn the bandage from his eyes, when he saw the well-lighted church before him, and heard the murmuring of the crowd, he was forced to admit the reality of the mysterious proceeding. In order to learn the result as far as possible, he concealed himself in a corner outside of the church, on the opposite side from the door, and while he listened here, he heard a constantly increasing sound of voices. There seemed to be a violent quarrel, and he recognized the harsh tones of the bridegroom, commanding silence. Then followed a long pause; then a shout and the cry of a woman. Again a pause, then the shoveling of earth, which lasted a quarter of an hour. The lights were suddenly extinguished, the murmur of voices were again audible, and the whole crowd rushed out of the church and ran noisily towards the sea.

The old preacher rose and hastened to his village. He awakened his friends and neighbors, and, still stricken with fright, related to them the wonderful things which he had seen. But so quiet and peaceful was the monotonous life of these simple men, and so incredible seemed the tale they heard, that they were seized with quite another cause of terror.—They believed that the mind of their beloved teacher was wandering; and it was after much hesitation that a few of them were prevailed on to provide themselves with crowbars and spades, and to follow him to the church.

By this time night had disappeared; the sun was already risen; and when the preacher and his friends ascended the hill to the church they all perceived a ship of the largest class under full sail, leaving their coast and steering to the north. A sight so unusual in this place, confirmed the preacher's story, which was yet farther verified by the fact that the side door of the church had been forcibly entered. Full of expectation the party went into the church. The preacher pointed out the place of the grave which he had seen in the night. It was evident that a stone had there been recently disturbed and replaced. The crowbars were applied, and when the grave was opened, they found a new and richly ornamented coffin. With almost youthful impatience the old man descended into the grave; the others followed him. The coffin lid was removed, and the preacher found his awful foreboding confirmed. In the coffin lay the murdered bride. The costly diadems had disappeared, so had all the agony of terror. A heavenly peace glorified the fair young face, and she lay there like an angel.

The old man, weeping aloud, flung himself down beside the coffin, and prayed for the soul of the murdered one, while silent surprise and awe filled the minds of his companions.

—The preacher thought it his duty to report this occurrence without delay to the bishop of Seeland, and, until he should receive instructions from Copenhagen, he required a promise of silence from his friends. The grave was again covered, and no one ventured to speak of the affair. Suddenly there arrived a distinguished man from the capital who inquired particularly into every circumstance, visited the grave, praised the silence that had been observed, enjoined permanent secrecy with regard to the whole, and threat-

ened any who should thenceforward dare to mention the occurrence with the heaviest punishment.

After the death of the preacher, a written account of this event was found appended to the church book. Some believe that the tragedy we have related, may stand in some secret connection with the rapid and violent changes of the throne at the decease of Peter the First and Catherine of Russia; but to solve the dark riddle of this fearful deed will be difficult, if not impossible.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

### NAPOLÉON AND THE RED MAN.

The following singular story was circulated almost immediately after the fall of Napoleon, and with the credulous obtained ready belief:

Ever since the retreat of Napoleon across the Rhine, and his return to his capital, a visible change had been observed in his habits and his conduct. Instead of wearing the livery of woe for the discomfiture of his plans of ambition, he had dismissed his usual thoughtfulness; smiles played on his lips, and cheerfulness sat on his brow. His manners had become light and easy, and his conversation lively. Business seems to have lost its charms for him, he sought for amusement and pleasure, and, like another hero of inferior rank, whenever his spirits sank, he had recourse to the sparkling cup, to "raise them high with wine." Balls and other entertainments succeeded each other, and Parisians began to fancy either that Napoleon was certain of making an advantageous piece with the Allies whenever he thought proper, or that his downfall was at hand, and therefore that he wished to spend the last weeks of his imperial dignity in enjoyment and ease. A new conscription had been ordered, and the legislative body had been dismissed; but these were signs of his existence, not of his activity. Indolent, at least in appearance, he remained buried in pleasure, whilst the invaders crossed the Rhine, and, rapidly approaching Paris, threatened to destroy at once his throne and metropolis. On a sudden his conduct experienced a change—his face assumed his deep and habitually thoughtful gloom—his attention was once more entirely engrossed by the cares due to his armies—and every day witnessed new reviews of regiments in the Place du Carrousel. Sleep could no longer seal his wakeful eyes, and his wonted activity, in which perhaps no other mortal ever equalled him, was displayed with more energy than ever. All the time he could spare from his armies and cabinet, he bestowed on the State Council. So striking an opposition between his present and past conduct, could not fail to excite a powerful agitation in the minds of the Parisians, and to make them strive to trace a change so abrupt in the manners of the emperor to its true cause; but to the still greater astonishment of the whole city, the report of an interview of Napoleon with his genius, under the shape of a mysterious red man, transpired. The gentleman from whom this curious communication was received, heard it related, with the following particulars, on the first of January, at Paris, where he spent the whole of the winter:

The first of January, 1814, early in the

morning, Napoleon shut himself up in his cabinet, bidding Count Mole, then Counsellor of State, and since made Grand Judge of the Empire, remain in the next room, and hinder any person whatever from troubling him while he was occupied in his cabinet. He looked more thoughtful than usual. He had not long retired to his study, when a tall man dressed all in red, applied to Mole, pretending that he wanted to speak to the Emperor. He was answered, that it was not possible. "I must speak to him; go and tell him that it is the red man that wants him, and he will admit me."

Awed by the imperious and commanding tone of that strange personage, Mole obeyed reluctantly, and trembling, executed his dangerous errand.

"Let him in," said Bonaparte sternly.

Prompted by curiosity, Mole listened at the door, and overheard the following curious conversation. The red man said:

"This is the third time of my apparition before you; the first time we met was in Egypt, at the battle of the Pyramids. The second, after the battle of Wagram. I then granted you four years more to terminate the conquest of Europe, or to make a general peace;—threatening, that if you did not perform one of these two things, I would withdraw my protection from you. Now I am come for the third and last time, to warn you that you have but 3 months to complete the execution of your designs, or to comply with the proposals of peace, which are offered you by the Allies; if you do not achieve the one, or accede to the other, all will be over with you—so remember it well."

Napoleon then expostulated with him to obtain more time, on the plea that it was impossible, in so short a space, to reconquer what he had lost, or to make peace on honorable terms.

"Do as you please, but my resolution is not to be shaken by entreaties, nor otherwise, and I go."

He opened the door, the emperor followed, entreating him, but to no purpose; the red man would not stop any longer. He went away, casting on his imperial majesty a contemptuous look, and repeating in a stern voice, "three months—no longer."

Napoleon made no reply; but his fiery eyes darted fury, and he returned sullenly into his cabinet, which he did not leave the whole day.

Such were the reports that were spread in Paris three months before the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte, where they caused an unusual sensation, and created a superstitious belief among the people that he had dealings with infernal spirits, and was bound to fulfill their will or perish. What is more remarkable, in three months the wonderful events justified the red man's words completely; more unfortunate than Cæsar, or Henry IV. of France, these presages did but foretell his ruin, not his death. Who the man really was who visited Napoleon in a red dress, has never been known; but that such a person obtained an interview with him, seems to be placed beyond a doubt. Even the French papers, when Bonaparte was deposed, recurred to the fact, and remarked, that his mysterious visitant's prophetic threat had been accomplished.—*Cabinet of Curiosities*.



## THE FOREIGN NEWS.

Our telegraphic dispatch from London, published in another column, brings the important intelligence that Russia makes the refusal of Turkey to surrender Kossuth and his companions a *casus belli*, and is prepared at once to pour her naval and land forces upon the Ottoman Empire in case that refusal is persisted in. In this crisis it rests with England to decide what action the Turkish Government shall take. France should also have a voice in such a crisis, but the rulers who irretrievably disgraced their country at Rome, the President whom Nicholas governs through his mistress, will not allow the gallant and generous French people to resist the pretensions of the Czar and his allies even to save the Nineteenth Century from the gloomy disgrace of consigning Kossuth, Bem, Dembinski and their associates to an Austrian scaffold or the fire of an Austrian platoon! France will thus remain in shameful silence, and England will save these illustrious fugitives. We cannot believe she will do otherwise. The sympathies of her people, so warmly expressed for the Hungarian cause, the humane policy of her Government in foreign questions, and her natural and just jealousy of Russian encroachment toward the East must irresistibly command her to such a course. She will sustain the honest Turks—more Christian in their barbarism than some nations in the full blaze of civilization,—and they will refuse to give up their hunted guests.

Will there be war, then? we mean general war. It is likely. England cannot abandon Turkey after the first step has been taken, nor when the second comes will she have to take it alone. France and Germany must, by necessity stronger far than the desires of their princes, presidents and other potentates, take the liberal side in such a quarrel between Liberty and Despotism. It is that quarrel which has lowered behind all the revolutionary storms of the past two years in Europe, which France has sought desperately to evade, which the French Government and every other, except that of Russia, will still seek to escape, but which sooner or later must be faced.—There would be a sort of justice upon the selfishness, meanness and perfidy of French policy in being now forced into a struggle with powerful enemies, that for eighteen months it has pusillanimously shunned with weak ones. But we must not suppose that the great convulsion has now arrived because there is a possibility of its advent. Let us wait and see.

Another noteworthy matter is the decree of Pius IX, to whose leading points we last week referred, but which we now publish at length. This document seems precisely calculated to satisfy no party except that which is satisfied before hand, with every act of the pontifical monarch and his counselors. It establishes an advisory Legislature at Rome, but without any power of a nature to limit the absolute authority of the sovereign. The communes, or townships, are also in a measure charged with the management of their own affairs; ameliorations in the administration of justice are vaguely promised, and an amnesty is ordered. This is the substance of the "concessions" granted to the Roman people. Not a word of constitutional guarantees of public

liberty, of the creation of a real parliamentary body, of the French Civil Code, or the secularization of the administrative functions of the Government. This is the end of the French intervention, and what becomes of Louis Napoleon's famous letter, promising all those things? He who lives long enough will see.

The Amnesty proclaimed by the triumvirate of Cardinals is of the most restricted kind.—Every prominent man in the revolution and the Republic is by its terms expressly shut out from its advantages. To what purpose such an act? To none but to outrage still further the feelings of the people whom a Government not bent upon its own destruction should have made a liberal effort to conciliate.

—The Republican cause in Italy has never been so effectually served as by Pius and the men who exercise his royal authority and speak in his name. Providence so directs the force of events that they whose whole endeavor is to confirm usurped authority only labor to its final overthrow.—*Tribune*.

## THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

A mother sitting in her parlor, overheard her child, whom her sister was dressing, say repeatedly, "No, I don't want to say my prayers, I don't want to say my prayers."

"Mother," said the child, appearing at the parlor door.

"Good morning, my child!"

"I am going to get my breakfast."

"Stop a minute, I want you to come and see me first."

The mother had laid down her work upon the next chair, as the boy ran to her. She took him up. He knelt in her lap and laid his face down on her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backward and forward.

"Are you pretty well this morning?" said she, in a kind and gentle tone.

"Yes mother, I am very well."

"I am glad you are well. I am well, too; and when I waked up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy in a low tone—half a whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at its work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down and sitting him on her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

"No, but I have felt mine."

"Well, don't you feel mine, now—how it goes beating?"

"Yes," said the child.

"If it should stop beating, I should die."

"Should you?"

"Yes, I can't keep it beating."

"Who can?"

"God." A silence, "You have a pulse, too, which beats here in your bosom, in your arm, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you—nobody can but God. If He should not take care of you who could?"

"I don't know," said the child, with a look of anxiety, and another pause ensued.

"So, when I walked out this morning, I

thought I'd ask God to take care of me and all of us."

"Did you ask Him to take care of me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I thought you would ask Him yourself."

A long pause ensued—the deep and thoughtful expression of his countenance showed that his heart was reached.

"Don't you think you had better ask Him yourself?"

"Yes," said the boy, readily.

He knelt again in his mother's lap, and uttered in his simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection of Heaven.

## A Hit.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in his new poem of "King Arthur," thus hits the fall of Louis Philippe:—

"Thus fell, though no man touched him, Ludovick;  
Tripp'd by the slide of his own slippery feet,  
The crown cajoled from Fortune by a trick,  
Fortune, in turn, out-cheated him, the cheat;  
Clapp'd her sly cap the glittering bauble on,  
Cried 'Presto!' raised it, and the gaud was gone,

"Even at the last, to self and nature true,  
No royal heart the breath of danger woke;  
To mean disguise habitual instinct flew,  
And the king vanished in a craftsman's cloak;  
While his brave princes, scampering for their lives—  
*Relictis parmulis*—forgot their wives!"

## Egyptian Astronomy.

The astronomy of Egypt differs little from that of the Chaldeans, and claims about an equal antiquity. They and the Chinese date back their first observations to about the same period, 2700 to 2900 years before the Christian era, while the Persians and Indians claim an antiquity of 3200 years B. C. But the degree of knowledge, enjoyed by all these ancient nations, the nature of that knowledge; and the fact that among all of them, astronomy was stationary for ages, show clearly that their knowledge had a common origin, anterior to their migration to those parts of the earth, which bear their names, and where they could have had but little communication with one another.

## GRECIAN ASTRONOMY.

The first colonists of Greece, who were adventurers from Egypt and Asia Minor, carried with them but little knowledge of the science, and it was not till the 14th century B. C. that we hear any thing of Grecian astronomy. About that time Alceus brought back from Asia, on his return from the Argonautic expedition, the sphere of the Chaldeans and Persians. Orpheus, who was one of the Argonauts, composed in verse a system of astronomy and theogony, in which it is supposed he described the religion and astronomy of the East. That little was known of astronomy, in the age of Homer, is plain from a passage in the Odyssey, in which he places the country of the Cimerians, where the sun never rises, in Italy; which fiction the poet doubtless derived from some obscure rumor respecting the Arctic regions.



## Louis Blanc.

Louis Blanc was born at Madrid, in October, 1813. His father was Inspector General of the Finances in Spain; his mother was of Corsica, where he was brought up until the age of seven; he was then sent to the College of Rhodes, from whence, in 1830, he joined his father in Paris. From that time to the revolution of February he has constantly labored with his pen for the promotion of the popular cause, through the pages of the *Bon Sens*, the *National*, the *Republican Review*, the *Revue de Progres*, and many other publications, as well as by the more important works which we have already enumerated. In person he is exceedingly small, somewhere about five feet, with a countenance remarkable for the beauty of its form and the nobleness of its expression. His figure is exceedingly well proportioned, and altogether he strikes you at once as a most remarkable man; his voice is full and flexible, in conversation most winning, in speaking publicly, rich and forcible; indeed, we are disposed to think that he is quite as good an orator as he is a writer, and we have no hesitation in saying that, taken altogether, he is one of the most remarkable men of the age.—Were he the advocate of kingly power, we doubt not he would be one of the most noted men in Europe; being, however, the champion of the oppressed, he must wait for his reward, such as it may be, until the day when the poor man is delivered from his thralldom. Let us pray that it may be soon!—*London Dispatch*,

## Naturalization of Females.

Many women who come from Europe and intend residing permanently in the United States, think that as they cannot expect to vote, there is no use in their becoming naturalized, but this is a very serious mistake. By the law, the property escheats to the State, and it is the duty of the Attorney General to see that estates, which would descend to the wife, if she was a citizen, are taken by the State. Previous to the year 1845 public informers could draw the one-eighth of property informed of thus seized, but by change of the law this is no longer the case. It is now left in the power of persons who are at enmity with a widow thus to inform and have her all taken away. Of course, cases of this kind are few; the widow is usually allowed to enjoy her property unmolested, but she cannot make a title to it and if she attempts to sell, or when she dies and her heirs dispose of her estate, litigation almost certainly ensues, and the examination the State seizes the property in disguise. Cases of this kind are constantly occurring—thousands of dollars are thus lost annually, and all women not naturalized should become so at once.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Two Dutchmen, traveling, took up camp together, at night. Being much wearied by their days' march, they soon fell asleep. After they had slept some time, one of them was awakened by a thunder storm. He got up much affrighted, and called his companion to arise, for the day of judgment had come. "Lie down, lie down, you fool," said the other, "do you think as how the day of judgment would come in the night?"

## In For It—How To Get Out of It.

Once on a time there was a gentleman who won an elephant in a raffle.

It was a very fine elephant, and very cheap at the price the gentleman paid for his chance.

But the gentleman had no place to put it in.

Nobody would take it off his hands.

He couldn't afford to feed it.

He was afraid of the law if he turned it loose into the streets.

He was too humane to let it starve.

He was afraid to shoot it.

In short, he was in a perplexity very natural to a gentleman with—moderate means, a small house, common feelings of humanity—and an elephant.

France has won her elephant at Rome.

She has brought back the Pope.

She is at her wits' end what to do with him.

She can't abet the Pope and the Cardinals, because she interfered in the cause of Liberty.

She can't abet the Republicans, because she interfered in the cause of the Pope and the Cardinals.

She can't act with Austria, because Austria is absolutist.

She can't act against Austria, because France is conservative and peaceful.

She can't continue her army in Rome, because it is not treated with respect.

She can't withdraw her army from Rome, because that would be to stultify herself.

She can't go forward, because she insisted on the Roman people going backward.

She can't go backward, because the French people insist on her going forward.

She can't choose the wrong, because public opinion forces her into the right.

She can't choose the right, because her own dishonesty has forced her to the wrong.

In one word, she is on the horns of a dilemma, and the more she twists, the more sharply she feels the points on which she is impaled, like a cockchafer in a cabinet, for the inspection of the curious in the lighter and more whirlingig species of political entomology.

Poor France—will nobody take her precious bargain off her hands? Rome is her bottle imp. She bought it dear enough but can't get rid of it "at any price."—*Punch*.

## Great Mistake.

Parents, school committees, will you employ inexperienced teachers for children, because they are cheap, because they teach for a less price than those duly qualified to impart instruction? Some parents seem to think almost any one is capable of teaching young children. A greater mistake there could not possibly be. Little children require the best of teachers. Everything depends on a right beginning, whether physical, intellectual, or spiritual. A child incorrectly taught at first, never knows what he does know; he guesses at things, stumbles and jumbles, and his errors cling to him for life.—*Ex.*

ADVERTISEMENT.—For sale, a brown horse, with a Roman nose. He is in good health, and very fond of traveling—having run away four times within a week.

## The Hungarian Crown.

The Hungarian Crown, which was carried off by Kossuth, when he fled into Turkey, is fabled, by the Hungarian legends, to have been sent by angels to St. Stephen, who was crowned with it in 1001! The truth, as related by history, is that it was presented to Stephen by Pope Sylvester II. A golden circlet, presented to Duke Geisa, by the Greek Emperor, was incorporated with it afterwards.—It has seen many curious adventures in the eventful history of Hungary, when rival claimants contended for it. It was once packed away in a cask by a royal fugitive, who, in journeying thus, lost it, but recovered it again. This same king, Otto, had it forcibly taken away from him by Waywode Ladislas, who kept it three years, and then was forced to return it. In 1439, it was stolen by a maid of honor, at the instance of the widow of a deceased monarch, who wished to have her infant son crowned with it. In 1461, the widow pawned it to the Emperor, Frederick IV. for 2500 guilders. It was redeemed, but soon stolen again by another woman, to crown another royal claimant, and after several changes fell into the hands of the Turks, whose leader, Solyman, returning from the siege of Vienna, exhibited it as the crown of the famous Persian King Nushivon. He afterwards sent it back to the person from whom he obtained it, and it then was given to the Emperor Ferdinand. After many other changes it was sent to Hungary by Leopold, and there it remained until Windischgratz took Pesth, when Kossuth removed it, and has ever since kept it in his possession.

HINDOO COMPLIMENT.—When a Hindoo domestic receives a favor from his master, he has a curious way of expressing his gratitude.—Present him with a new turban, or befriend him in distress, and he exclaims, "My Lord, you are my father and mother."

The tone of good company is marked by the absence of personalities. Among well informed persons there are plenty of topics to discuss, without giving pain to any one present—without submitting to act the part of a butt, or that still poorer creature, the wag that plays upon him.

Money bears the same relation to labor, that ice does to water. Convert all the water in the world into ice—let it remain ice—and you will have some idea of that policy which converts all the labor in the world into money. Money is petrified labor.

An inveterate dram drinker being told that the disease with which he was attacked was incurable, and that he would be speedily removed to a land of pure spirits, replied:—

"Well, that's a comfort at all events; for it's very hard to get any in this world."

Somebody very wickedly says that two blooming young ladies got caught out in a shower very recently, and when they had got home, the rain had washed the very color out of their cheeks.

A wag having one night removed the sign-board of a cutler, and placed it over the watch-house, the town's people were equally surprised and diverted the next morning, to read over the door of the cage, "Blades put in here."



## THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair!

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

## F. A. LOOMIS

Has become connected with the LITERARY UNION, with full powers to transact business.

## Local Agents.

N. Y. CITY, *Dexter & Brother.*  
 SYRACUSE, *W. J. Palmer*; office between the west doors of the Syracuse House.  
 ALBANY, *Thomas Clark.*

## Advertising Agent.

*V. B. Palmer*; offices in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore.

## Back Numbers.

Files of Vol. I. can still be obtained. As an inducement to new subscribers, the volume complete will be furnished such at fifty cents;—just half price. Those who prefer, can obtain it of us, beautifully bound, for \$1.25; or in good plain binding, for \$1.00.

Attention is invited to the very liberal terms to CLUBS, in our Prospectus.

## 50 Agents Wanted

To canvass, to whom the most liberal inducements will be given.

## To Teachers &amp; Trustees.

The Editors of this paper propose to act as *gratuitous agents* in procuring situations for Teachers and Teachers for situations. They will also furnish plans for school houses to those intending to build.

## To Correspondents.

G. R. P. The money is *not* yet received. When it is the acknowledgment shall be forthcoming.

The 'Dream of Arcadia' is most welcome.  
 'The Stars' and its companion on Autumn, we respectfully decline.

'To Chloe' is accepted.

## THOSE LECTURES.

We are happy to see that there is a strong probability of our having a Course of Lectures during the Winter by gentlemen both at home and from abroad. Our neighbors of the daily press are beginning to urge the matter through their columns, as well as some of our most influential and respected citizens in a different way.

As there seems to have been two separate movements, we would suggest that these be harmonized and united in the outset. One plan contemplated simply a series of Winter lectures from resident citizens; the other, an organization of a permanent character, and designed to bring amongst us distinguished speakers from abroad. When we mentioned the latter plan, under the head of 'A Young Men's Association,' we had no cognizance of the former. Since our attention, however, has been drawn to it, we see no reason why both aims cannot be realized without detriment to each other.

Already, several persons in this place, have corresponded with the officers of similar societies in neighboring cities, and accumulated much valuable information relative to their organization and effect. The result of this inquiry seems highly encouraging. All the institutions from which we have heard, seem in a flourishing condition, and fully realizing the enlightened expectations of their founders.

Is Syracuse less able to sustain a literary association than her neighbors in Utica, Rochester, and Buffalo? Has she less need of one? We think neither. The means necessary to secure the ob-

ject, are fully within our power. The necessity for it, is proved to us each day by what we ordinarily see and hear.

It is not necessary, nor, we presume, would it be purposed, to attempt anything very ambitious or extravagant. Our first aim should be to satisfy our first want—a course of Lectures for the Winter evenings. This is being done. The next step, in our apprehension, is to organize a permanent plan for the future. Let all interested, collect information and draw the attention of others to the subject, *against the time* for doing more. This will be discernable enough as it approaches. To how great an extent the enterprise should then be carried, must, of course, depend upon the interest manifested and the funds procured. At all events, the Lectures, and more, can be permanently secured.

A friend has handed us the following for the benefit of his *borrowing* neighbors. The sentiment contained in the last two lines, is a gem.

## THE LAST, BORROWED PAPER.

AIR—'The Last Rose of Summer.'

Thou last, borrowed paper  
 Just come to my door,  
 All thy former companions  
 I've read through, before.  
 No sheet of the 'Union,'  
 The Publisher sends  
 With my name on the wrapper;  
 No; thou art a *friend's*.

I'll not keep thee, thou lone one,  
 Thine owner to vex;  
 Return to his presence  
 With my best respects.  
 Thus kindly I'll bear thee,  
 As soon as thou'rt read,  
 Where thy mates, on the table,  
 Are carefully laid.

And then I will hasten,  
 With diligent feet,  
 To the place where they publish  
 Thee—beautiful sheet!  
 My interest and duty  
 I see at a glance;  
 I'll *subscribe* for thee, 'UNION'!  
 And pay in advance!

With great pleasure we announce the arrival in our city, of Dr. C. LINK, Professor of Chemistry in the new Medical College; for which chair he resigned his place in Cambridge University. He has a splendid apparatus, and proposes giving a course of popular Lectures on the Science, in addition to those before the students.

Dr. LINK is a native German, and comes among us with the highest testimonials of his personal and professional character, from the first men in this country and Europe. We doubt not that his welcome will be such as Americans know how to extend to genius and worth.

## Very Sentimental.

Who shall say that the city of salt is wanting in sensibility, when the daily papers afford such advertisements as this?—

SITUATION WANTED—By a modest young Englishman, of nineteen summers, that has served an apprenticeship in the *Father-land*, 4 years with a Surgeon and Druggist, and 2 with a Book Merchant. He is a clever fellow and wants a good clerkship. Call at the City Intelligence office.

## The Foreign News.

Truly, we live in troublous times. After years of quiet, so profound that it seemed as though war was finally to be banished from among civilized nations, Europe is again convulsed to its center, and its ancient institutions trembling as to their fall.—We watch the strife with all the interest a people reared on a free soil could be expected to feel, and see, with dismay, the cause of liberty and human progress, as it seems to us, after a desperate and prolonged resistance, finally overborne and crushed to its former abjectness, by the vast power of leagued and irresistible organizations. We avert our eyes, in despair for the cause, when one of its slightest results, acting as a disorganizing cause between these very confederations, threatens all Europe with a war more general, more decisive, than has been known since the time that her children checked the tide of Moslem aggression, and secured themselves a domestic, instead of a foreign Tyranny.

## Mr. Sedgwick's Lecture.

We have still on hand some copies of our last No., containing this able document, which can be had by the friends of *Free Schools*, for distribution, at cost.

'Are you dead!! or did you forget to enter us 'on your Book?'—*Portland Transcript.*

—The fault is in the 'book.' We have you there, now, and nothing short of death shall part us.

We notice the appearance, in Boston, of Mr. Watson G. Haynes, a 'thorough sailor,' with a recommendation from the Vice-President, Mr. Fillmore, who proposes to lecture on the flogging, &c. —*Literary World.*

—Who proposes to lecture?—the sailor or the Vice-President?

At a wedding in Albany the other day, the bride's cake excited general admiration. It cost \$100, and was a beautiful temple, nine feet high, of the Grecian and Italian style of architecture.—*Organ.*

—We should have liked to attend that *razing*.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

## Married.

At Centerfield, Ontario Co., on the 18th inst., by Rev. Mr. Kendall, Mr. JOSEPH O. SEELY, Jun., of Onondaga, to Miss HARRIET A., youngest daughter of Col. R. B. JOHNSON, of the former place.

## L. N. Fowler,

The distinguished Phrenologist, is expected to give a course of Lectures in this city during the next week.

## Female Physicians.

Among the students who expect to attend the course of Lectures of the new Medical College in this city, are three *ladies*, who intend qualifying themselves for the profession. All honor to the courageous pioneers.

## New Park.

There is talk of occupying several acres of the Mill Pond tract as a Park. A capital idea.

## The Telegraph Posts

For O'Reilly's new line, are being set in this city. We shall soon, doubtless, escape from the rigorous monopoly of the old line.

## The Syracuse Musical Institute

Has been permanently organized by the adoption of a constitution and election of officers.

## The Corning Suit

Of Louisa F. Corning, vs. R. S. Corning, for assault and battery, was decided by the award of \$3,000 damages to the plaintiff.



## SCHOOL CLASSIFICATION.

DEAR SIR:—

I see by the last *Union*, that you had a discussion in your Institute, relative to School Classification; with the conclusion that the system adopted in the schools of the East, was the best of any known. Now, your readers are grateful for the information thus given; or, at least, one of them is; but I should feel under still greater obligation, if you would enlighten me still more on the important subject, by telling me what the method of classification is, that is to be preferred to all others. One of the most troublesome duties of a teacher, is to so arrange his school in classes that each pupil shall receive the greatest possible benefit. If the teachers of your county have hit upon that plan, or if they have secured a plan from the New England schools, by which this desirable object can be accomplished, why not give it to the public, through the columns of the *Union*? it may be the means of assisting teachers in different sections of the State, in the very matters in which they, particularly young teachers, need the most assistance. If you do not deem this matter of school classification of sufficient importance to receive a place in a Literary journal, please give me the desired information in a private communication.

X.

Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y.

—We publish the above communication, addressed to one of the editors of this paper, with great pleasure; not only because its subject is one of transcendent interest to the cause of education, but that the writer is one of the first teachers in the State, and one whom we rejoice to see *leading off* in such an investigation.

If we can in any way throw light upon the question, we shall be glad to do so. But before we set ourselves up as an oracle in such matters, in presence of those much older and more experienced, we must beg leave to listen to them first, in order to imbibe the wisdom expected in us. We have numbers of readers amply qualified to explain the system, and would much rather rely upon them for such an exposition than attempt it ourselves. We therefore invite communications on the subject; short, pointed, and earnest.

But in case no one should appear to assume the duty, we pledge ourselves to *try*. We can give our views, the results of our own experience, and those of others, as told by themselves.

Meantime, we would refer all interested, to the scheme given on the 227th page of the '*Theory and Practice of Teaching*' and the remarks accompanying it.

## Syracuse Teachers' Association.

At a meeting of the Syracuse Teachers' Association held at Public School House No. 4, it was resolved that the proceedings of the Association be published in such of the city papers as will publish them free of charge.

Oct. 10th, 1849. Adjourned for one week.

Oct. 17th. The Association met pursuant to adjournment, and was called to order by the President, Mr. Johnson of No. 3. After a few preliminaries were disposed of, Mr. Harris of No. 2, read a Select piece from Pollock and was followed by Miss Clapp of No. 5, with a selection from Chas. Dickens; 'The Death and Burial of Little Nell.' Next was an Essay by Mr. Brigham of No. 10, on the Phonetic or Word System. The subject of the *Gradation of Schools* was then taken up and discussed, at considerable length.

For the sake of bringing the matter before the Association and calling out the minds of the Teachers present, Mr. Brigham moved, that the Public Schools of this City consist of four grades. After considerable discussion in which Messrs. Brigham, Winchell, Stetson, Johnson and Cornell took part, the resolution was lost.

On motion of Mr. Winchell,

*Resolved*, That *three Grades* of scholarship, in our estimation, is the number best adapted to the circumstances of our schools.

The order of business for next week is 1st. reading a select piece by Mr. Denison. 2d. Do. by Miss Pomeroy. 3d. Report by Mr. Stetson on Prof. Perkins' *Arithmetics*. 4th. Essay by Mr. Harris. 5th. *Gradation of Schools* continued.

Adjourned for one week.

G. B. DENISON, Sec't.

## Correspondence.

## CHALKINGS FROM A BLACKBOARD.

ELM VALE School Room, Sept. '49.

Messrs. Editors of the *UNION*:—

An hour past has seen me watching as intensely, as ever did the wicked cat for its bright-eyed mousey victim, the varied chalkings on my telltale blackboard, by airy fingers. But now they are done. The last stroke has been given, and it is mine to transfer them from their dark, prison-colored restingplace to the winsome light and purity of this unsullied sheet.

*UNION*, your own chosen (please be cautious just here, I do not like to be made say '*little*' again, when I mean something else) title, is still the Cynosure of thought; and if these imperfect chalkings may but unfold to view one beauteous gem that gleams in the rosy chain that binds one to the heaven-born cause of truth and right, and collect from its misty shroud, one pearly drop from the wave of glory which bathes the pale brows of bleeding conquerors in the fearful warfare with error, oppression and superstition, bound together by the immutable ties of love of liberty and truth—their ends will be reached.

We have seen the key-note is struck in nature. The enchanting song of harmony once commenced, man's ready ear detects its sweetness, and gives new impulses to each strain, till echo meets echo, like those of the deep Indian forest.

Thrones, based on the adamant foundation of ages, and glittering with the richest wealth of Persian mines, under the efforts of a power, small and insignificant, but mighty in its *united* influence with the unswerving principle of right, tremble—totter—forever fall; and the star-spangled crown of tyranny is crushed as though it were an infant's toy.

Black darkness, like the pall of the grave, hangs over the earth. Ages have interwoven the threads, and principalities and powers have trod the shuttles, until the dismal vesture seems impenetrable. But the work is already begun. The electric spark has passed from the Throne of the Eternal into the gloomy cell of the Augustine monk and penetrated his high-born soul. When God unites his power with that of man's, the victory is already won; and when Luther steps forth, his interest linked with that of Heaven, the darkness bursts—the glorious sunlight of moral and religious liberty breaks over the world, and the earth struggles to be free.—O, thrice blessed such a *UNION*! It is high—holy—glorious. The Emerald Throne is its corner-stone—the Rock of Ages its foundation, and its resting place is Heaven.

The hour comes when an infant band, writhing beneath the brutal scepter of oppression, rise, step forth, and a cry from Freedom, like that of the last, shrill, awful death-scream of the proud eagle, just ere it folds its massive wings and its chains to die, swells along the ocean's rock-bound shores. But while the air yet quivers with the impress of the cry for Freedom, another is heard, more gentle but not the less certain—'In *UNION* lies our strength;' and son, husband and father, 'catching the Promethean fire,' break from the sweet endearments of home and its joys, and take the battle field. The victory is won, and America is free.

But with it, as a part of your chosen title, I have next to do; and here I am altogether at a loss to know how to proceed, only knowing the proposed end to be reached, viz:—'to advance the great interests of a National Literature, and wean the public taste from a false and demoralizing one;' and, as I suppose it can only be done by *united* effort, thence your title. Is it so? In regard to it, then, I can only breathe a wish, that your beason light may be truth; that no unholy, poisonous sentiment may be lurking amid the links that bind you, to corrode them, or corrupt those who may be guided by you, and then, may you be rewarded with success; rich, prolific, and lasting. GRAZIELLA.

## Literary.

## NOTICES.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for October,

Contains the conclusion of 'The Caxtons,' another part of 'The Green Hand,' reviews of Pepys' 'Diary,' and Mrs. Somerville's *Physical Geography*, and political papers on Germany and Canada, besides two or three of less interest.

Stoddard &amp; Babcock, Syracuse.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for November.

The 'Repose in Egypt' is one of the most splendid mezzotints we ever have seen. 'Household Treasures,' engraved by Sadd, from Landseer's painting of Queen Victoria and two of her children, gives us a much more pleasing glimpse of royalty at home than we have reason to expect. Besides these embellishments, there is a lace plate, a piece of music, and several wood-cuts; one of which is a faithful representation of the horrid fashions of the times, giving a good idea of female deformity as cultivated by a certain class of unfortunate women.

The literary matter we suppose to be about as usual, having read only the names of the contributors. On the whole, a very enterprising No.

For sale at Palmer's.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 284,

Has a very long table of excellent contents. As among the best, we mention the account of Capt. Glynn's expedition to Japan to recover the American seamen detained there; an article on California from the London Times; a sketch of a passage through the Straits of Magalhaen; a descriptive letter from the Shetland Isles, by Wm. C. Bryant; an article from the *Spectator*, on Howard, the Philanthropist; and several political papers from English journals.

Palmer has it.

THE MASSACHUSETTS TEACHER, for October.

An excellent No. of an excellent thing. Every teacher, and as many parents as suspect that they owe any duty to their children, should subscribe



to three or four such periodicals, and this, certainly, among the rest.

Price, \$1.00 a year, *in advance*. Address Coolidge & Wiley, Publishers, No. 12, Water St., Boston.

#### LIBERTY PARTY PAPER.

This is a new weekly, established as the organ of the party whose name it bears.

We cannot help thinking that the anti-slavery papers, generally, are of a much higher literary character than almost any other in the country.—Witness the *National Era*, *Anti-Slavery Standard*, and *Louisville Examiner*, where one is always sure of finding some choice aliment for the mind, such as he might search for in vain among nine-tenths of all the other newspapers in the country. And we are happy to say that the journal in question, judging from the number before us—the only one we have seen—gives good assurance of assuming the same high ground occupied by its free brethren.

From the leading articles, we judge, too, that the '*Paper*' takes enlarged and liberal views of the most important interests of society. We rejoice especially that Education seems to be viewed in that rare light in which all thoroughly interested men love to regard it. From all these signs, we hail it as an honorable accession to the periodical literature of the country in general, and that of Syracuse in particular.

Published at \$2.00 a year, in advance. JOHN THOMAS, Editor.

#### V. B. PALMER'S REGISTER AND SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

This is a very handsome little paper, and filled with excellent selections from the literature of the day, and valuable information and hints for business men. Mr. Palmer's name alone is a guaranty for the latter qualification.

Published monthly, by V. B. Palmer, at his advertising agency offices in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, at 25 cents a year!

#### INTELLIGENCE.

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS have in press an elegant edition of Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*, large type and fine paper. Hamilton's *Life of Lady Colquhoun*, daughter of the late Sir John Sinclair.—Rutherford's *Letters*, they have also *just ready*, Pascal's *Provincial Letters*, edited by McCrie, fine edition, 12mo. *Life of the Rev. Ashbel Green*, D. D., by the Rev. Dr. Jones of Philadelphia. A second edition, with additional illustrations, of Cowper's *Works*, by Grimshawe, royal 8vo., and a new and enlarged edition of Dr. Chalmers' *Sermons*, comprising his *Posthumous Sermons*, 2 vols. 8vo., with a fine portrait in the mixed style, by Ritchie.

JOHN WILEY, 161 Broadway, will immediately issue in one volume, 12mo. pp. 400, "*Sketches of Reforms and Reformers, of Great Britain and Ireland*," by Henry B. Stanton. It will give the history of the various reforms in that kingdom, effected and attempted, from the French revolution of 1789, down to the present time, including, among other events and subjects, the celebrated treason trials near the close of the last century, abolition of the slave trade, law reform, repeal of the corporation and test acts, Catholic emancipation, Parliamentary reform, abolition of negro slavery, postage reform, division of the Scotch church, repeal of the corn-laws, temperance movement in Ireland, Irish repeal, Irish rebellion of 1848, East India and Canadian affairs, national debt and taxation, financial

reform, anti-state-church movement, Chartism, the peace enterprise, &c., &c. A large share of the work is taken up with sketches of prominent persons who have taken part in these matters, such as Burke, Pitt, Fox, and others. Two chapters are devoted to the influence of English literature, during the present century, upon the cause of progress and reform, in which sketches are given of the leading reviews, monthlies, and weekly newspapers.—Notices are also given of the poets, novelists, dramatists, essayists, &c., whose writings have aided the cause of free principles. Many of the personal portraits are drawn from the author's observation while in England.—*Literary World*.

TECKNOR'S SPANISH LITERATURE.—Our literary readers who are acquainted with the abilities and various accomplishments of George Ticknor—and most of all, those who know the extent and thoroughness of his scholarship in the particular department which is illustrated in the work now announced—will be gratified to learn that the *History of Spanish Literature*, which has been long in preparation, is now completed and stereotyped, and will be issued in a few weeks by one of our most eminent publishing houses.—*Evening Post*.

#### Our Exchange Miscellany.

From the N. Y. Mirror.

#### THE NEW STATE OF DESERET.

One of the most remarkable occurrences of the age, is the sudden springing up, of what will, before a very long time, probably, form another link in the confederacy of American States. It is even now designated as the 'New Mormon State of Deseret.' Ten years since the boundaries of this State around the region of the Great Salt Lake, were unknown; four years since not a white man had settled there; and now there are upwards of sixty thousand persons collected, having a principal city, and towns, manufactories, and all the needful elements of happiness and comfort. They have organized themselves into a sovereign State; have adopted a well digested constitution, with efficient judicial tribunals, and an executive authority that is universally acknowledged and respected.

A little over two years since, the pioneers of the band arrived in the valley. A second party arrived a few months later, when a fort was built in which all remained until last October; at which time the main body arriving, the city was commenced, called 'The City of the Great Salt Lake,' in reference to which, a correspondent of the *Chronotype*, writing from there on the 13th July last, says:—

'It is laid out in blocks, containing 10 acres each, and each block is subdivided into 8 lots. There are already 224 blocks, being 16 in one direction, and 14 in the other. The streets are 8 rods wide.—Nearly 1,000 *adobe* houses have been built, and the whole city, nearly two miles, square, has the appearance of a garden. A public building of stone, 50 feet square, is going up to serve for a Council House, Church, and other purposes. Any person wishing to live here, can take an unoccupied lot, without price, but can only sell the improvements. The city is governed by a President and Council, permanent, and a City Marshal, elected annually. Taxes are laid according to property. Tithes are voluntary. Schools are kept all the year, and are free to all.'

The valley in which the home of the Mormons is situated, is of a wild character. A chain of

mountains on the east, stretches as far as the eye can reach, crowned with snow. On the other side, the eye rests on nothing but sterile plains, of apparently boundless extent—the Great Lake lies towards the west in solemn tranquillity, and in which it is said not a living thing 'moves or breathes.'—Beyond this are vast savannahs of land, intersected by ragged ridges and beetling cliffs. South and southwest, is a rich, fertile soil, extending to the base of the Timpanagos, and Watotah mountains; and the valley itself, in which are now the city, villages, and farms, has a deep soil of great richness, which every spring covers itself with a profusion of grasses, shrubs, and flowers.

It is said that the Morimons have fixed the boundaries of the State, to which they intend to lay claim—commencing at the 23d degree of south latitude, it crosses the 108th deg. longitude, west of Greenwich; thence to the northern boundary of Mexico; thence west to, and down the main channel of the Gila river, on the northern line of Mexico, and on the northern boundary of Lower California to the Pacific Ocean; thence along the coast northwesterly to 118 degrees 30 min. of west longitude; thence north to where said line intersects the dividing ridge of the Sierra Nevada mountains; thence north along the summit of Sierra Nevada mountains to the dividing range of mountains that separate the waters flowing into the Columbia River from the waters running into the Great Basin; thence easterly along the dividing range of mountains that separate said waters flowing into the Columbia river on the north, from the waters flowing into the Great Basin on the south, to the summit of the Wind River chain of these mountains; thence southeast and south by the dividing range of mountains that separate the waters flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, from the waters flowing into the Gulf of California, to the place of beginning.

Whether or not their claim will be recognized by Congress, we know not, and are not disposed to speculate upon the subject. At the next session of Congress, they have resolved, it is stated, to apply for admission into the Union, and their rights will doubtless be strictly awarded to them. A Legislature has been elected, and Brigham Young chosen the first Governor; and one session of the Legislature has already been held, at which the above resolution was adopted; and we do not presume that there will be any serious objection raised to their application. They have proved themselves to be a people of energy and enterprise, whom persecution could not crush; but, on the contrary, it had the effect to awaken them to a sense of the necessity of union, knowing that 'in union there is strength;' to this fact, doubtless may be traced the great results that have so rapidly been developed in their new location.

The name they have chosen strikes us as something singular, and the 'State of the Desert' would appear to be more appropriate. It is said, however, that the 'State of the Deseret,' implies, according to the Mormon history and interpretation, the 'Honey Bee,' and is significant of industry, and its kindred virtues.

#### A Wife Wanted.

Somebody advertises for a wife in the *Geneva Gazette*. She must be of moderate size, from 15 to 21 years of age, with light complexion and blue eyes. He offers to live with her friends if she wishes, and if she is feeble, will help do *housework*, and bring her *wood* and *water*.—*Mirror*.



### Dastardly and Malignant.

A Washington correspondent of the Baltimore American, makes a statement which is well calculated to excite the indignation of every honest mind and patriotic heart. He says:—

*Contemptible Scribblers not content with abusing the President in the public prints, have even INVADED THE SANCTUARY OF HIS FAMILY, AND EVERY DAY THRUST UPON HIM LETTERS WITH FICTITIOUS SIGNATURES, FILLED WITH THE MOST BILLINGSGATE COMPOUND OF PERSONAL ABUSE AND INSULT. Nor do they stop even here. The LADIES of the Presidential mansion have had addressed to them almost daily, letters containing the most offensive and obscene language which a fiend can indite, until they can scarcely dare to open any letter which is not from a well known and familiar hand.*

This is indeed outrageous. The meanness and malignity that could resort to means of assault so low and dastardly, deserve the seathing rebuke of every manly mind. We have ever regarded an anonymous slanderer as one of the most paltry and degraded of human beings, and when, as in this case, the gentler sex are made objects of assault and abuse, the motive must indeed be base and unprincipled. The assassin who skulks in the dark, and strikes at his victim from some concealed point, is scarcely more criminal than the anonymous assailant of peace of mind, or that priceless jewel, reputation.—*Phil. Inquirer.*

### Early Maturity.

The other day, a young urehin, not thirteen years of age, went into a barber's shop at Claverly, and said he wanted to be shaved. The man eyeing his little customer, coolly told him to take a seat. After besmearing his chin plentifully with soapsuds, and operating with the back of the razor, he said,—“There, that will do.” Rising, and stroking his chin, the youngster exclaimed, “How comfortable a man feels when his beard is taken off.”—*Cheltenham Journal.*

The nub of this joke is wanting. The youth offering to pay for the service, the barber declined the fee, remarking “that he always considered it a privilege to strap his razor on a calf skin.”—*Star.*

### Is a Divorced Lady a Miss Or a Mrs?

Since the divorce of Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, the above has been a question of newspaper discussion. We think the lady fully entitled to the matronly name of Mrs. Kemble which she has assumed. In the first place, a mother is not a Miss, unless she be woefully amiss; and in the second place, the title of “Mistress” or “Madame” has always been conferred by common consent on maiden ladies who have distinguished themselves by their productions in the world of Literature,—as, Mrs. Hannah Moore. It is a sort of *brevet of honor* bestowed on all immortal women, whether matrons or maidens.

Another part of the dominions of Austria is now pervaded by a powerful religious excitement. In Bohemia, the cradle of Huss and Tziska, a new reformer has appeared in the person of the reverend pastor Kossuth, the brother of the famous Hungarian, of whose eloquence he possesses a considerable portion.

It has been decided that the seat of Government of Canada, shall be changed from Montreal to Toronto.

### A Singular Letter.

At the last meeting of the Ethnological Society of this city, Mr. Bartlett read a letter addressed to the President of the United States, from the Inca of Peru, accompanied by a letter from Samuel G. Arnold, of Providence. Mr. Arnold, who has recently returned from South America, met with the venerable Inca, who is 90 years of age. He gives a very graphic account of his appearance, and relates the affecting story of the wrongs of his royal race. He found the princely old priest sitting in the shadow of the Temple of the Sun, engaged in reading Tasso.—*Tribune.*

### Venice a Desert.

Recent accounts give a gloomy picture of the appearance of Venice. The city had become a desert. The place of St. Marc was one vast solitude, and not a vessel was to be seen in the Lagoon. It is stated that no less than fifty thousand persons had demanded and obtained passports, and that they intended to quit Venice, forever.

Mr. E. G. Squier, our Charge d'Affaires to Central America, in a paper read by him at a meeting of the Ethnological Society, on Wednesday evening, stated that he had discovered a city about one hundred and fifty miles from Leon, that was buried beneath a forest, far surpassing in architectural beauty the ruins of Palenque.

The editor of the N. Y. Tribune, has made a visit to Blackwell's Island. He says:

Among the Penitentiary prisoners, we noticed the notorious Judson, “Ned Buntline,” dressed in striped jacket and thorough prison garb; mauler his late fixed determination to refuse food, and die rather than work. The Keeper confirms the story of his having refused to eat for several days, on his first introduction within the walls—but he seems to have come to it at last, and we learn that under the present vigilant superintendence of the Prison, his sentence is not to be made a mockery.

## News.

Carefully condensed for the Literary Union.

### FOREIGN.

#### By the Steamship Niagara.

##### England.

There are strong reasons for the hope that Sir John Franklin's Expedition is still safe. It appears by a letter received at the Admiralty, that Capt. Ker, of the whaleship Chieftain, has had an interview near Prince Regent's inlet, with a native who stated partly by words and partly by signs, that two vessels had been surrounded by ice in that inlet four years, and that in March last their crews were safe. This gratifying intelligence will impart new zeal to the efforts of the British Government to succor those long-absent adventurers.

The British fleet is ordered to the Mediterranean—a movement that has reference to the affairs of Russia and Turkey.

##### Ireland.

Anti-rentism prevails to a considerable extent—in a disorganized form.

Political matters are in a state of quiescence.

##### France.

The Legislative Assembly has resumed its sitting—M. Dupin in the chair.

M. Poussin's conduct of the correspondence with the American cabinet, is disapproved of at the court

of Versailles. M. Bois Le Compt, the present Minister at Turin, is appointed his successor. This is considered an acknowledgment of the propriety of the position taken by Gen. Taylor and his Cabinet.

The Parisian public are unanimous in their approval of the stand taken by their Representative at Constantinople, against the demand of Nicholas for the Hungarian refugees.

The President proposes to abrogate the decree exiling the Bourbons—also that, under which the insurgents of June, were transported without trial.

##### Italy.

The terms of the Papal amnesty that caused so much disaffection, exclude from pardon over 13,000 in all.

The French military authorities disapprove of the terms of the manifesto—still their presence serves to prevent any popular outbreak.

##### Hungary.

Comorn has surrendered to prevent an effusion of blood. A report is in circulation that Gorgey is dead.

##### Turkey.

Extensive preparations are being made to meet the emergency of a war with Russia, should such be the result of the Porte's refusal to deliver up the Hungarian fugitives. It is thought a rupture will be prevented by a joint note sent to St. Petersburg by the English and French governments.

##### Austria.

It is supposed Radetzky procured from the emperor a promise of pardon for the garrison of Comorn, thus defeating the murderous intention of Haynau.

##### Greece.

A sensation has been created at Athens by serious charges of forgery and murder having been brought against the acting Minister of the Interior. Between this office and the Assembly a suspension of intercourse has been declared by the latter body.

##### India.

Tranquillity has been restored in the Punjaub by Sir Charles Napier, who it is reported will return to England in the spring.

##### Venezuela.

Gen. Paez who has so long headed the political and military movements of one party in this distracted country, has been defeated, and is now in prison.

##### Canada.

The question of ‘annexation’ now absorbs all others. A strong and active party are now enlisted against the measure. It is decided, we believe, to remove the seat of government to Toronto.

## DOMESTIC.

### ELECTIONS.

IN MAINE.—Dr. Hubbard is elected Governor, by over 1000 majority. The house will stand 88 democrats to 63 opposition.

IN PENNSYLVANIA. The democrats will have a majority of one in the Senate, and probably about 30 in the House.

IN GEORGIA there will be also a trifling democratic majority.

LAKE SUPERIOR MINES.—It is stated that the Pittsburgh Cliff Mining Company had already shipped from *Saut St. Marie*, 878 tons of copper, and expect to make up the aggregate to 1000 tons before the closing of the season.

MISS BREMER is at Mr. Downing's residence, Newburgh. She is plain looking, short in



stature, with fair complexion, light hair and blue eyes. There is a great deal of goodness in her countenance; but not much passion—according to a Newburgh paper.

PACIFIC Railroad Meetings are the order of the day out west. St. Louis papers came to us filled with reports of gatherings in all parts of Missouri and Illinois—among the latter, one at Chicago, where Senator Douglass made a speech, and offered a series of resolutions embodying his plans, which were subsequently adopted.

GOLD IN INDIANA.—We are credibly informed that gold in considerable quantities has been recently found to exist in a portion of Morgan county, this state, not far from Martinsville. It is stated that there are a number of hands now engaged in digging, and that they have been thus far successful in washing from \$4 to \$6 worth of the dust per day.—*White River (La.) Standard.*

CALIFORNIA ITEMS.—It is stated that Hon. T. Butler King, Gen. Smith, and others who have recently made a journey through the gold region, estimate that forty millions of dollars will be taken from the mines during the next twelve months.

The Panama steamer brings information that Col. Weller is superseded by Col. Fremont as U. S. Commissioner to run out the boundary line between Mexico and California.

LETTERS to the N. Y. Herald state that it was thought that the Convention at Monterey would be in session three weeks, and that the slavery question would be the only important cause of division. There are three parties; one in favor of inserting a prohibitory clause against slavery; another for specially allowing its introduction; and a third in favor of leaving the subject entirely untouched by the constitution, subject to future legislation. Much excitement existed in relation to the convention.

A LETTER dated Tabago, says: 'Of nearly two thousand passengers between Chagres and Panama, there are about six hundred lawyers, and of them four hundred go out with expectation of being returned to Congress, or the Legislature, at least; seventeen are electioneering for the gubernatorial chair, and twenty-one embryo senators are already calculating the saving to be made on the mileage allowed by Uncle Sam from San Francisco to Washington, and back. 'Blessed are those who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.'

### GLEANINGS.

Mrs. E. Oakes Smith has written a comedy called 'The Doctor,' which was successfully produced at the Portland Museum, lately.

The remains of the late Gen. Worth, arrived at New Orleans, on the 11th inst., in charge of Col. Darling.

Prince Metternich is about to settle in Florence.

The feat of walking one thousand miles in one thousand half-hours, has just been accomplished by Coates, an English pedestrian.

Tom Placide, and seventeen other Americans who were in Paris, united in an earnest letter to Mr. Carr, the American Representative at Constantinople, urging him to do what he could to sustain the Sultan in his refusal to surrender the Hungarian refugees, and to offer them a shelter in our Mediterranean fleet. The writers thought that, altogether, it was a grand occasion for a graduate of the school of American Republicanism, 'to take the responsibility.'

### Trade Sale Books.

WE are now receiving great additions to our stock of Theological, Classical, School, Miscellaneous and Library Books—purchased at the late New York Trade Sale—enabling us to offer greater inducements than ever before to purchasers.

WYNKOOP & BROTHER.

Oct. 20, 1849.

SCHOOL BOOKS AT WHOLESALE!—Country Merchants and all who purchase by the quantity, supplied with School Books and Stationery on the best of terms by

WYNKOOP & BROTHER,

Oct. 20, 1849.

No. 5, Salina street.

### Premium Daguerrian Gallery,

GRANITE HALL,

Over Longstreet & Ballard's Clothing Store, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

GEER & BENEDICT are now prepared to execute Likenesses by the improved Daguerreotype, all the various sizes, that shall be equal in delicacy of tone, and brilliancy of finish, to any in the State.

PRICE, FROM \$1 TO \$25.

G. & B. have at great expense procured from Germany, one of Voetlander's celebrated large size Instruments, which they believe to be equal, if not superior, to any ever imported. Specimen pictures executed with this instrument can be seen at their Rooms.

Rooms open from 8 o'clock, A. M., to 5 o'clock, P. M.

Instruction given in all the latest improvements of the art, and apparatus furnished, if desired, on the most reasonable terms.

W. H. H. GEER.

P. H. BENEDICT.

### For One Night Only.

THE ALLEGHANIANS respectfully announce that they will give a CONCERT, at MALCOLM HALL, Syracuse.

On Saturday Evening, November 3d, 1849.

Their Program will contain a choice selection of Songs, Duets, Trios, Quartets, &c., such as have met with the universal approbation of the music-loving public throughout the United States and Canada.

Tickets, 25 cents, to be had at the usual places, and at the door. Doors open at 6½. Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.

No postponement on account of the weather.

### Salem Town's School Books,

Published by

H. GILLAM & Co.,

No. 65, GENESEE STREET, AUBURN, NEW YORK.

Child's FIRST BOOK; Trade price, 12½ cents.

Town's SECOND READER; " 31¼ "

THIRD READER; " 50 "

FOURTH READER; " 80 "

FIFTH READER; will be published soon.

SPELLER & DEFINER; Trade price, 16¼ cents.

ANALYSIS, " 37½ "

The above works were adopted at the last session of the Onondaga Co. Teachers' Institute, and are already used in nearly one half the schools in the county.

Teachers, or persons wishing the above works for introduction, will be supplied at very reduced prices by Wynkoop & Brother, Syracuse; or by addressing John A. Kerr, care of H. Gillam & Co., Auburn.

Books will be sent to any part of the County, if desired. H. Gillam & Co. also publish WELLS' ENGLISH GRAMMAR & PARSING BOOK, which were adopted by the Institute at its Spring Session.

### S. THAYER,

Artist.

Studio, over the Onondaga Co. Bank, Salina St., Syracuse.

### Physic & Surgery.

DR. THOMAS SPENCER.

Office over Major Dana's Store, corner Warren and Canal Sts. Syracuse, N. Y.

### NURSERY

### At South Onondaga.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, from his Nursery, at South Onondaga, a few thousand grafted Fruit Trees, mostly Apple, embracing the best of Summer, Fall, and Winter varieties. Prices low. Terms cash, or approved credit to suit the purchaser.

W. W. NEWMAN.

### SYRACUSE BOOK BINDERY.

A. G. McGLASHAN & Co.,

RESPECTFULLY announce to their friends, patrons and the public generally, that they have removed their Book Bindery into the Malcolm Block. They have greatly enlarged and improved their establishment, and are now prepared to execute

Book Binding in all its various Branches, INCLUDING

Turkey Morocco, Superior Gilt Edge, Cloth Work, etc., etc., etc.,

Also, constantly on hand at their Room, Nos. 22 & 26 MALCOLM BLOCK.

BLANK BOOKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Orders faithfully executed on short notice, and all work warranted to be durable.

Cloth Cases made & Embossed for the Trade.

N. B. Particular attention paid to the re-binding of private and public Libraries, Music, &c.

Syracuse, Oct. 1, 1849.

A. G. McGLASHAN,  
CHAS. A. FOCKE.

### PALMER'S NEWS ROOM,

SYRACUSE HOUSE,

Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.,

Where every variety of Magazines, Cheap Publications, Newspapers, Daily and Weekly, &c., &c., may be found at Wholesale or Retail, upon the most favorable terms.

THE FOLLOWING ARE AMONG HIS LIST OF

### MAGAZINES,

RECEIVED EVERY MONTH:

Eclectic Magazine,	\$4 per year, 50c No.
Knickerbocker do.	5 " 44 "
Hunt's Merchants do.	5 " 44 "
Am. Whig Review,	5 " 44 "
Littell's Living Age,	6 " 12½ weekly.
Democratic Review,	3 " 25 monthly.
Gramm's Magazine,	3 " 25 "
Godey's Lady's Book,	3 " 25 "
Blackwood's do.,	3 " 25 "
Sartain's Union Mag.	3 " 25 "
Holden's Dollar do.,	1 " 12½ "
Ladies' National do.,	2 " 18 "
Ch'n Ladies' Wreath,	1 " 9 "
" Family Circle,	1 " 9 "
Merry's Museum,	1 " 9 "
N. American Review,	1 " 1.25 quarterly.
Edinburgh do.,	3 " 75 "
Westminster do.,	3 " 75 "
London do.,	3 " 75 "
North British do.,	3 " 75 "

### NEWSPAPERS.

NEW YORK CITY.—Nation, Tribune, Scientific American, Organ, Spirit of the Times, Home Journal, Police Gazette, Literary World, New York Herald, Sunday Mercury, Ned Buntline's Own, Daily Herald, Tribune and Express.

BOSTON.—Uncle Sam Yankee, Flag of our Union, Museum, Pilot, Yankee Blade, Olive Branch, Star Spangled Banner.

PHILADELPHIA.—Saturday Courier, Neal's Gazette, Dollar Newspaper, Post.

LONDON.—Illustrated Times, News, Punch.

W. L. PALMER, Syracuse.



### GALLERY,

Franklin Buildings, Syracuse.

LIKENESSES by the improved DAGUERRETYPE Of various sizes, and of the most delicate execution, may be obtained at the above Rooms during the day, from 8, A. M. to 5, P. M.

Prices from \$1 to \$20.

Chemicals, Plates, Cases, Cameras, Apparatus, and other materials connected with the Art, constantly on hand, and for sale at New York prices. The above articles are selected with great care, and warranted in all cases.

J. M. CLARK,

F. J. CLARK.

### Arithmetical Tables,

Comprising ADDITION, SUBTRACTION, MULTIPLICATION and DIVISION; arranged on a new plan, and set to Music; By T. H. BOWEN, Teacher of Music, &c., in the N. Y. State Normal School.

Published by Asa C. Bowen, and for sale by W. C. Little, Albany, L. W. Hall, Syracuse, and by Booksellers in general.

### Removal.

CHAUNCEY TUTTLE has removed his HAT AND FUR STORE opposite (north) of the Syracuse House, Genesee Street, next door to B. R. Norton & Co., Jewellers, where will be kept as good and fashionable assortment of Goods as can be found in the State of New York, in our line.

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Black and Arab Beaver, White and Black Brush, Mole Skin and Silk Hats.

From the well known and fashionable establishment of Wm. H. Beebe & Co., Broadway, New York. Panama, Manilla, Cactus, and all kinds of STRAW HATS for gentlemen. Youths' and Children's Cloth Caps of all kinds and qualities. Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, and Traveling Bags, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Cash paid for any quantity of Fleece, Wool, Sheep and Lamb Skins. Store, Genesee Street, opposite north of the Syracuse House.

CHAUNCEY TUTTLE, Agent.

### City Drug Store.

A Large and well selected assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Dental Stock, and Fancy Goods,

Can be found at the CITY DRUG STORE, all of which are of the first quality and will be sold at reasonable prices.

N. B.—Physicians' and Family Prescriptions put up at any hour of the day or night by competent persons.

Also at the above establishment, may at all times be found a large assortment of

### Choice Family Groceries,

Selected with great care expressly for City Retail Trade. Those who want pure WINES AND LIQUORS, expressly for medicinal purposes, can be supplied.

D. Y. FOOT.

Syracuse, June 4, 1849.



### The Phrenological Journal.

This Journal is a monthly publication, containing thirty-six or more octavo pages, at One Dollar a year, in advance.

To reform and perfect ourselves and our RACE, is the most exalted of all works. To do this we must understand the HUMAN CONSTITUTION. This, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, and VITAL MAGNETISM embrace, and hence fully expound all the laws of our being, conditions of happiness, and causes of misery; constituting the philosopher's stone of UNIVERSAL TRUTH.

#### PHRENOLOGY.

Each number will contain either the analysis and location of some phrenological faculty, illustrated by an engraving, or an article on their combinations; and also the organization and character of some distinguished personage, accompanied by a likeness, together with frequent articles on Physiognomy and the Temperaments.

The Phrenological Journal is published by

FOWLERS AND WELLS,

Clinton Hall, 129 and 131 Nassau-st., N. York.

### The Spirit of the Age.

This weekly newspaper seeks as its end the Peaceful Transformation of human societies from isolated to associated interests—from competitive to co-operative industry—from dissimilarity to unity. Against Revolution and Reaction, it advocates Re-organization. It desires to reconcile conflicting classes, and to harmonize man's various tendencies by an orderly arrangement of all relations, in the Family, the Township, the Nation, the World.

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

will aim to reflect the highest light on all sides communicated in relation to Nature, Man, and the Divine Being—illustrating, according to its power, the laws of Universal Unity.

By summaries of News, domestic and foreign—reports of Reform Movements—sketches of Scientific discoveries and Mechanical inventions—notes of Books and Works of Art—and extracts from the periodical literature of Continental Europe, Great Britain and the United States—THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE will endeavor to present a faithful record of human progress.

This paper is edited by WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, and published weekly, by FOWLERS AND WELLS, on a super royal sheet, folded into sixteen pages suitable for binding.

The terms are \$2.00 a year, in advance. All letters should be addressed to FOWLERS AND WELLS, Clinton Hall, 129 and 131 Nassau street, New York.

### The Water-Cure Journal.

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL AND HERALD OF REFORMS, is published monthly, at ONE DOLLAR a year, in advance, containing thirty-two large octavo pages, illustrated with engravings, exhibiting the Structure and Anatomy of the entire Human Body; with familiar explanations, easily to be understood by all classes.

The Water-Cure Journal, emphatically a JOURNAL OF HEALTH, embracing the true principles of LIFE and LONGEVITY, has now been before the public several years. And they have expressed their approval of it by giving it a monthly circulation of upwards of Ten Thousand Copies. This Journal is edited by the leading Hydropathic practitioners, aided by numerous able contributors in various parts of our own and other countries.

FOWLERS AND WELLS, Publishers,  
Clinton Hall, 129 and 131 Nassau-street, New York.

B. R. PECK & Co., are our authorized Agents for Syracuse; ADRIANCE, for Oswego; D. M. DEWEY, for Rochester; T. S. HAWKS, for Buffalo; and all Booksellers, Postmasters, and Teachers, throughout the United States.

### Perkins' Mathematical Series,

Published by

HAWLEY, FULLER & CO., UTICA.

PERKINS' ELEMENTARY ARITHMETIC.

This has recently been revised and considerably enlarged.—The clearness and conciseness of its rules have secured for it a very extensive circulation. 37 1-2 cents.

PERKINS' HIGHER ARITHMETIC.

Has also been revised, and about seventy pages of additional matter have been inserted. It develops the higher principles of Arithmetic more fully than any other book before the public. 75 cents.

PERKINS' ELEMENTS OF ALGEBRA.

Prepared expressly for Common Schools, and by the best teachers pronounced "admirably adapted to that purpose."—75 cents.

PERKINS' TREATISE ON ALGEBRA.

Embracing, besides the elementary principles, the Theorem of Sturm, and the higher parts usually taught in Colleges. A revised, enlarged and improved edition recently published.

PERKINS' ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY.

With Practical Applications—lately published, and distinguished from all former text books on Geometry, by applying the principles to practice, as fast as they are explained. \$1.00.

Teachers wishing to make arrangements for the introduction of these works, are requested to address

JOHN PERKINS, Utica.

### Taylor's Temperance Hotel,

28 COURTLAND ST., NEW YORK.

This Hotel is situated near Broadway, and but a short distance from the landing of the North River Steamboats and Cars from Philadelphia, Newark, Paterson, &c. For business men, generally, it is very conveniently located. It is not large, but can accommodate about one hundred persons well. When the Subscriber opened this House, about two years since, it was a broken down RUM HOUSE, and many thought it even foolish to open it as a TEMPERANCE HOUSE; but, through his exertions and the liberal patronage of his Temperance friends and others, he has shown that a temperance hotel can be supported if well kept. And as this is a time that tries men's temperance principles, a time when many temperance Houses are giving up, and putting in Rum, the Subscriber would invite all those that feel an interest in the cause to remember his House—No. 28, Courtland st. ELIAD TAYLOR.  
New York, 1849.

Price of Board, \$1.25 per day.

## CENTRAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The Fall and Winter Course of Lectures in this Institution, will commence on the FIRST MONDAY IN NOVEMBER next, and will continue sixteen weeks. The aggregate cost of Tickets will be \$55, including Demonstrator's fee. The Graduating Class will receive the benefit of extra instructions from the Faculty, during hours not appropriated to the regular exercises of the College, as often as three times per week. The only requisites for graduation are suitable qualifications.

#### FACULTY.

- J. R. RUSH, M. D., Professor of Special, General and Pathological Anatomy.
- S. H. POTTER, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Surgery.
- S. M. DAVIS, M. D., Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine and Pathology.
- O. DAVIS, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children.
- B. S. HEATH, M. D., Professor of Physiology and Medical Jurisprudence.
- W. W. HADLEY, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics and Pharmacy.
- \*C LINCK, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Medical Botany.
- †WOOSTER BEACH, M. D., Emeritus Professor of Clinical Medicine.
- J. R. RUSH, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy and Surgical Prosecutor.

The Matriculation Ticket, \$5, and the Graduation Fee, \$15. Any student can have the privilege of attending Lectures in this Institution until he graduates, by the payment of \$100 in advance.

Good board can be had at from \$1 50 to \$2 50, per week; and Students, by clubbing together, can live well at an expense of from 50 to 75 cents per week.

A Student will be admitted to the Lectures gratuitously from each Senatorial District throughout the State, by paying only Matriculation, Demonstrator's and Graduation Fees. This arrangement gives to thirty-two Students annually, the sum of \$50 each. Those of this class are to be promising, indigent young men, of a good English education, and of a good moral character. Sons of Clergymen and Physicians will have the preference, if such apply in season. Such Students are to be recommended by a Justice of the Peace, or a Judge of the County in which they reside. They will please forward their applications as soon as the first of November next.

The Faculty being solicitous that all may enjoy the benefit of their labors, who wish, will take responsible notes on time, where persons are unable to advance the money. In such cases, ten dollars will be added to the cash price of each term.

All desiring to attend, will please forward their names, that we may be apprised of their coming.

#### THE FOLLOWING WORKS ARE RECOMMENDED BY THE FACULTY.

*Anatomy.*—Wistar, Wilson, Quain, and Horner.

*Surgery.*—Druitt, Liston, Cooper, Gibson, and Miller.

*Theory and Practice.*—Watson, Stokes & Bell, Eberle, Beach, Howard, Smith, Curtis, and Thompson.

*Physiology.*—Carpenter, Williams, Dunglison, and Beach.

*Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.*—Rigby, Beach, Curtis, and Eberle.

*Chemistry.*—Linck, Turner, Gray, and Beck.

*Botany.*—Eaton, Bigelow, Gray, and Wood.

*Materia Medica.*—Kost, Nelligan, Wood & Bache.

*Pathology.*—Gross, Chomel, Williston, Alliston, and Stille.

*Auscultation and Percussion.*—Laennec, Bowditch, and Watson.

*Medical Jurisprudence.*—Beck, and Williams.

The Text Books recommended are consulted authoritatively, when descriptive of actual conditions, as in Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, &c.; but otherwise Eclectically, with careful discrimination.

The fundamental peculiarity of our doctrine in the treatment of disease, is, that nothing should be used as a remedy that will injure the human constitution, and that all means used, should have a direct tendency to sustain, and not depress the vital powers.

The College will be furnished with all suitable facilities for imparting a thorough and correct course of instruction on every branch of Medical Science. Dissection, Surgical Operations, Illustrations and Experiments will be conducted in the most advantageous and instructive manner. It is the design to give Students advantages here, fully equal to those enjoyed at any other Medical College.

For further information respecting the Lectures, direct a letter, *post paid*, to Dr. S. H. POTTER, Syracuse, N. Y.; or to Dr. S. M. DAVIS, Buffalo; Dr. Wm. W. HADLEY, Rochester; Dr. W. BEACH, New York City.

\*Dr. D. C. LINCK has several years past been As. Prof. of Analytical Chemistry in Cambridge University, Mass., and resigns his Chair in that Institution, and comes to Syracuse to settle permanently as the Prof. of Chemistry and Botany in Central Medical College, and is author of a work on Chemistry, and recommended in the warmest manner by Cambridge University, as well as by Dr. Liebig of Germany, his preceptor. Dr. L. is furnished with the necessary apparatus and laboratory, fully prepared to do justice to his important department.

†Dr. W. BEACH, of N. Y., is the distinguished Author of numerous Medical Works of world-wide reputation. He has recently traveled through eight or ten kingdoms in Europe, and visited nearly all the important Medical Institutions to collect information to promote the cause of scientific reform. He has engaged to be here early in the session, with a female anatomical model, made to order in Paris, diagrams, pathological drawings, &c., executed in London, and establish a Dispensary and Clinic for students, where lectures will be given on the diseases of patients present, that the students may enjoy the full benefits of his extensive research. The entire influence of Prof. B. is pledged to this College.

NOTE:—Seventy-six students have already given their names to attend the Lectures, and among the number, Mrs. B. B. Gleason, wife of Dr. Gleason, Physician to the Glen Haven Water Cure Infirmary, with a view to complete her medical education by attending two terms of Lectures, and obtaining the degree of M. D. A second Miss Blackwell. Two other ladies are expected to attend. Syracuse, Sept., 1849.

### City Book Bindery,

STAR BUILDINGS, SYRACUSE.

Blank Books, ruled and bound to any pattern desired. Magazines, Pamphlets, old Books, and all other jobs, bound to order. An assortment of Blank Books on sale at small prices. B. MAYNARD.  
October, 1849.

### German & French.

PROF. AUGUSTUS MAASBERG, a Graduate of the University of Halle, is prepared to give instruction in the German and French languages, to Classes or Private Pupils.

For references or further particulars, enquire at L. W. Cogswell's, Fayette st.



**HUNTINGTON & SAVAGE,**  
Publishers, Booksellers, and Stationers,  
216, PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

Publish some of the best and most valuable School Books now in use in the United States, among which are:

**GEOGRAPHY OF THE HEAVENS**, and Class Book of Astronomy, 1 vol. 18mo., accompanied by a Celestial Atlas, Imperial 4to. By E. H. BURRITT, A. M., with an Introduction by THOMAS DICK, LL.D.

**MITCHELL'S BURRITT'S GEOGRAPHY OF THE HEAVENS**.—Being Burritt's Geography of the Heavens, revised and improved by Prof. O. M. Mitchell, Director of the Cincinnati Observatory, accompanied by a new Atlas, medium quarto, comprising 27 Star Charts; showing the relative magnitudes, distances, and positions of all the stars, down to the 6th magnitude, inclusive; also, the principal Nebulae, Nebulous Stars, Double and Multiple Stars; together with the telescopic appearance of some of the most remarkable objects in the Heavens.

**THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHY**, illustrated by sixty colored stylographic maps, and 230 beautiful engravings, accompanied by a Globe Map, on a new plan. 1 volume medium 4to.

**PETER PARLEY'S NEW GEOGRAPHY FOR BEGINNERS**. (Colored Maps and Stiff Covers.)

**GOODRICH'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE U. S.**  
" PICTORIAL HISTORY OF FRANCE.  
" PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.  
" PICTORIAL HISTORY OF GREECE.  
" PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ROME.

New editions just published.  
This series of School Histories, formerly published by Messrs. Scribner & Ball, Philadelphia, is acknowledged to be the best in use; and they have been extensively introduced into the Schools of our country.

**MRS. LINCOLN'S BOTANY**. New Edition, enlarged. 1 vol. 12mo.

**PELLEPS' CHEMISTRY**. New Edition. 1 vol. 12mo.  
" **NATURAL PHILOSOPHY**. New Edition. 1 vol. 12mo.

" **BOTANY FOR BEGINNERS**. An Introduction to Mrs. Lincoln's Botany, for the use of Common Schools. 1 vol. 12mo.

" **CHEMISTRY FOR BEGINNERS**; designed for Common Schools. 1 vol. 12mo.

" **NATURAL PHILOSOPHY FOR BEGINNERS**. Same size.

" **GEOLOGY**.

**KAMES' ELEMENTS OF CRITICISM**. By ABRAHAM MILLS, A. M. 1 vol. royal 12mo.

**WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY**. UNIVERSITY EDITION, in 1 vol. duodecimo.

**WEBSTER'S HIGH SCHOOL PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY**. 1 vol. 12mo. New Edition revised.

" **PRIMARY SCHOOL PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY**. New Edition revised. 16mo. square.

" **DICTIONARY**. Pocket Edition, 32mo. emb'd plain.

" **DICTIONARY**. Pocket Edition, 32mo. emb'd gilt.

The above Dictionaries are more generally used than any other, and as they are now from new stereotype plates, conforming to Dr. Webster's standard works, edited by Professor Goodrich, the Publishers anticipate a large increase of sales.

**PINNEY'S FIRST BOOK IN FRENCH**, 1 vol. 18mo.

This book is more simple and easy for beginners than any heretofore published in the New Method, and is designed to precede Mr. Pinney's large work.

**PINNEY'S FIRST BOOK IN FRENCH**, with a Key.

**THE PRACTICAL FRENCH TEACHER**; or a new method of learning to read, write, and speak the French. By NORMAN PINNEY, A. M. 1 vol. 12mo.

**KEY TO THE PRACTICAL FRENCH TEACHER**.

**ASTRONOMICAL MAPS**. By H. MATTISON, 16 Nos. cloth backs and rollers, with case and book.

**ASTRONOMICAL MAPS**, on heavy paper and rollers.

**THE FIFTH EDITION OF MATTISON'S ELEMENTARY ASTRONOMY**, for Academies and Schools, illustrated by numerous original Engravings, and adapted to use either with or without the author's Large Maps. Large 18mo. 240 pages, with Questions and a Glossary. One of the most comprehensive and splendidly illustrated volumes upon Astronomy that has ever been published in the United States. Price 50 cents.

#### A CARD.

The Subscribers grateful for past liberal patronage, beg leave to call the attention of their customers and the public generally to their

#### New Invoice of Fall Goods,

just received embracing all the varieties of styles, &c., usually called for in this market. We keep no SECOND RATE GOODS. Our Stock is wholly composed of the best qualities of Dry Goods, which will be sold as low as the same grade of goods can be bought at any House in this city.

SPENCER, DE WOLFE & SLOSSON.

Syracuse, Sept. 28, 1849.

1,000 pounds of live Geese Feathers for sale.

#### DENTAL SURGERY,

BY C. F. CAMPBELL.

Office in the Malcolm Block, nearly opposite the Car-House.

THOSE in want of the aid of a dentist, are invited to call and examine specimens of work which will be warranted to compare favorably with the best done in this State, and at prices within the means of all.

Dr. C. would say to those in want of parts, or entire sets of TEETH on plate, that he will, (in order to obviate the inconvenience which people experience from going without teeth 3 or 6 months, which is necessary before inserting the permanent set,) furnish them with a temporary set free from expense, until the set is inserted.

Syracuse, June, 1849.

#### To School Teachers,

AND THE FRIENDS OF EDUCATION, GENERALLY.

GATES, STEDMAN & Co.,

116 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

Publish this day, Thursday, July 5th, *The Primer and First Reader* of the NATURAL SERIES OF READING BOOKS, by OLIVER B. PIERCE.

"Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave."—Pope.

Also, an *Essay on Reading, Spelling, &c. &c.*, by the same.

Teachers and school officers in the city, are invited to call and receive copies for examination.

Those residing in any other part of the United States, who will send, post paid, their post-office address, shall receive gratis, through the mail, copies of the above, subject only to postage, which on the *Primer* (bound) is 4 1-2 cents; on the *First Reader*, 6 1-2 cents; the *Essay*, 2 1-2 cents.

The *Second Reader* will be issued in about three weeks, and will be sent on the same terms as the above. Postage about 10 or 12 cents probably.

The following are some of the features of "The Natural Series," when complete. Especial attention is solicited to the plan of teaching the right pronunciation of words, (without continual reference to the teacher) as the author believes that life is too short for a person to be required to spend one-half in going astray, and half of the other half in discovering his mistake, and returning to the right road.

I. *The Primer*; alphabetical, with more than seventy cuts. 72 pages.

II. *The First Reader*; with more than fifty cuts. 108 p.

III. *The Second Reader*; with more than fifty cuts—in press.

IV. *The Third Reader*; to be issued in September, 1849.

V. *The Fourth Reader*; to follow the Third Reader very soon.

VI. *The Fifth Reader*; to follow the Fourth Reader very soon.

The *Primer* presents a new and improved method of learning the alphabet. Following the alphabetical exercises are XXXIV. easy lessons in Spelling and Reading.

In his progress through the Series, the child learns correctly the principles of Orthography and Orthography, by the same lessons, and according to actual usage among the best speakers and writers of the day.

By the various primary works, from the first writing of the language down to the present time, the learner has been taught to pronounce *incorrectly* various classes of words, but especially that very numerous class having the termination *ed*, not *spoken* as a separate syllable; as *lov-ed*, *prov-ed*, *knock-ed*, *dash-ed*, *miss-ed*, &c.

The child having been taught by the books to pronounce such words as just indicated, finds, later, to his perplexity and discouragement, that what he has thus acquired is all wrong.—He must now unlearn this, and learn that such words are to be spoken, *loud*, not *lov-ed*; *proed*, not *prov-ed*; *nokt*, not *knock-ed*; *dashit*, not *dash-ed*; *mist*, not *miss-ed*, &c., &c.

By the *Natural Series*, the child is *always* taught the right, first; and not the *wrong afterwards*.

It is believed that the use of the *Natural Series* will secure a free, easy and natural style of elocution in the progressive tyro, and will *naturalize* the constrained, stiff and artificial reader.

It is believed, also, that these books are better graduated in their intellectual character, than others now in common use, *simpler*, *clearer*, *higher*, and *more attractive* and *impressive* in their moral tone.

#### CITY LAND SALE. MILL POND TRACT.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Common Council of the City of Syracuse, will on the 4th day of December next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., expose for sale at public Auction, to the highest bidder, the lands hereinafter described—or so much thereof as may be necessary—at the Empire House, in the city of Syracuse, for the non-payment of the sum of \$2,150.29 spent by the City in reclaiming the said lands, and personally demanded of the owners, and also for the expense of advertising and selling the same. Such sale will be made by virtue of the Act of the Legislature of this State, passed on the 25th day of January, 1849, entitled "An Act to authorize the abatement of a nuisance on lands owned by the People of the State of New York, and other lands in the city of Syracuse;" and will be subject to any previous taxes or assessments thereon.

The lands above referred to, are described as follows:—Those two certain pieces or parcels of land on Block No. 105, in the late village of Syracuse, according to the map and survey of John Lathrop, bounded thus: The one commencing at a point on the north side of the old mill pond 296 feet west of the east line of said Block and 76 feet south of Fayette street; thence south on a line parallel with Clinton street to the center of the old channel of the Onondaga Creek; thence westerly along the center of such channel to the center of the new channel of said Creek; thence northerly along the center of said new channel until it is intersected by a continuation of the south line of Fayette street; thence easterly along such continuation and such south line to a point in the south line of Fayette street 360 feet west of the north-east corner of said Block; thence south on a line parallel with Clinton street 20 feet; thence south-easterly to a point 65 feet south of Fayette street, and 272 feet west of Clinton street; thence south-easterly to the place of beginning. The other piece bounded thus: Beginning on the north line of said mill pond at a point 75 feet west from Clinton street, and 138 feet south of Fayette street; thence south on a line parallel with Clinton street to the center of the old channel of the Onondaga Creek; thence west along the center of such channel 30 feet; thence north on a line parallel with Clinton street to a point 195 feet west of Clinton street, and 132 feet south of Fayette street, and thence easterly to the place of beginning.

The channels of the Onondaga Creek, above mentioned, are as laid down on a map of the same made by Benjamin F. Green, surveyor, &c.

By order of the Board,

E. W. LEAVENWORTH, Mayor  
S. CORNING JUDG, Clerk.  
Syracuse, Oct. 11, 1849.

#### LIBERTY BELL.

STATE OF NEW YORK, COUNTY OF ONONDAGA,  
Sheriff's Office, July 14, 1849.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the general Election to be held in this State on Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Freeborn G. Jewett. A Secretary of State, in the place of Christopher Morgan. A Comptroller, in the place of Washington Hunt. A State Treasurer, in the place of Alvah Hunt. An Attorney General, in the place of Ambrose L. Jordan; a State Engineer and Surveyor in the place of Charles B. Stuart; a Canal Commissioner in the place of Nelson J. Beach; and an Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Isaac N. Comstock; all whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next; also, a Justice of the Supreme Court for the 5th Judicial District, in the place of Charles Gray, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next; also a Senator for the 22d Senate District, in the place of George Geddes, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

County Officers to be elected for said County.

Four Members of Assembly; two Justices for Sessions, a Sheriff in the place of Joshua C. Cuddeback; a County Clerk, in the place of Vivus W. Smith; and a Superintendent of the Poor in the place of James M. Munroe, whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next; also four Coroners, in the places of the present incumbents, whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. The electors throughout the State are also to vote for or against the adoption of the act entitled "an act Establishing Free Schools throughout the state," passed March 26, 1849. J. C. CUDDEBACK, Sheriff of Onondaga Co.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE,  
Albany, July 14, 1849.

Notice is hereby given that at the General Election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected to wit:

A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Freeborn G. Jewett. A Secretary of State, in the place of Christopher Morgan. A Comptroller in the place of Washington Hunt. A State Treasurer, in the place of Alvah Hunt. An Attorney General, in the place of Ambrose L. Jordan. A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Charles B. Stuart. A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Nelson J. Beach; and an Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Isaac N. Comstock, all whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. Also, a Justice of the Supreme Court for the Fifth Judicial District, in the place of Charles Gray, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. Also, a Senator for the Twenty-Second Senate District in the place of George Geddes, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

County Officers to be also elected for said County.

Four members of Assembly; two "Justices for Sessions," a Sheriff, in the place of Joshua C. Cuddeback; a County Clerk, in the place of Vivus W. Smith; and a Superintendent of the Poor, in the place of James M. Munroe, all whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. Also, four Coroners, in the places of the present incumbents, whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. The electors throughout the State are also to vote for or against the adoption of the act entitled "an act Establishing Free Schools throughout the State," passed March 26, 1849. Yours Respectfully,  
CHRISTOPHER MORGAN, Secretary of State

#### Music Store.

ALLEN & HOUGH,

DEALERS IN

Music & Musical Instruments,  
Corner of Salina and Washington Street, opposite the  
Rail Road Depot.

Piano Fortes from the best manufacturers—all warranted. American, French, and Spanish Guitars. Firth, Pond & Co., and Wm. Hall & Son's Brass Instruments. Violins, Flutes, Accordions, Melodeons, and all other approved instruments. Sheet Music, Instruction Books for all instruments, and, in short, every thing that a music store should contain. Bands furnished at New York prices.

Syracuse, July 21, 1849.

L. W. HALL,

BOOKSELLER AND PUBLISHER,

No. 11, SALINA STREET, SYRACUSE,

Has constantly on hand, a general assortment of School and Library Books, Maps, Globes, and other School Apparatus,

Which he sells, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, on the best Terms, to Merchants, Teachers, Trustees, &c.

\* \* \* The Friends of Education are respectfully invited to examine his Stock.

April 8, '49.



## Professor Mandeville's READING BOOKS.

Appleton & Co., Publishers, 200 Broad-  
way, N. York.

### I. PRIMARY, OR FIRST READER. 10 cents.

### II. SECOND READER. 17 cents.

These two Readers are formed substantially on the same plan; and the second is a continuation of the first. The design of both is, to combine a knowledge of the meaning and pronunciation of words, with a knowledge of their grammatical functions. The parts of speech are introduced successfully, beginning with the articles; these are followed by the demonstrative pronouns; and these again by others, class after class, until all that are requisite to form a sentence have been separately considered; when the common reading lesson begins.

The Second Reader reviews the ground passed over in the Primary, but adds largely to the amount of information. The child is here also taught to read writing as well as printed matter; and in the reading lessons, attention is constantly directed to the different ways in which sentences are formed and connected, and of the peculiar manner in which each of them is delivered. All who have examined these books, have pronounced them a decided and important advance on every other of the same class, in use.

### III. THIRD READER. 25 cents.

### IV. FOURTH READER. 37 1/2 cents.

In the first two Readers, the main object is to make the pupil acquainted with the meaning and functions of words, and to impart facility in pronouncing them in sentential connection; the leading design of these, is to form a natural, flexible, and varied delivery. Accordingly, the Third Reader opens with a series of exercises on articulation and modulation, containing numerous examples for practice on the elementary sounds (including errors to be corrected), and on the different movements of the voice, produced by sentential structure, by emphasis, and by the passions. The habits formed by these exercises, which should be thoroughly, as they can be easily mastered, under intelligent instruction, find scope for improvement and confirmation in the reading lessons which follow in the same book and that which succeeds.

These lessons have been selected with special reference to the following peculiarities:

1. Colloquial character.
2. Variety of sentential structure.
3. Variety of subject matter.
4. Adaptation to the progressive development of the pupil's mind; and, as far as possible,
5. Tendency to excite moral and religious emotions.

### V. THE FIFTH READER; or, COURSE OF READING. 75 cents.

### VI. THE ELEMENTS OF READING AND ORATORY. \$1.

These books are designed to cultivate the literary taste, as well as the understanding and vocal powers of the pupil.

THE COURSE OF READING comprises three parts: the first part containing a more elaborate description of elementary sounds, and of the parts of speech grammatically considered, than was deemed necessary in the preceding works, here indispensable; part second, a complete classification and description of every sentence to be found in the English, or any other language; examples of which in every degree of expansion from a few words to the half of an octavo page in length, are added, and arranged to be read; and as each species has its peculiar delivery as well as structure, both are learned at the same time; part third, paragraphs; or sentences in their connection unfolding general thoughts, as in the common reading books.

It may be observed that the selections of sentences in part second, and of paragraphs in part third, comprise some of the finest gems in the language; distinguished alike for beauty of thought and facility of diction. If not found in a school book, they might be appropriately called "elegant extracts."

THE ELEMENTS OF READING AND ORATORY closes the series with an exhibition of the whole theory and art of Elocution, exclusive of gesture. It contains, besides the classifications of sentences already referred to, but here presented with fuller statement and illustration, the laws of punctuation and delivery deduced from it; the whole followed by carefully selected pieces for sentential analysis and vocal practice.

THE RESULT. The student who acquaints himself thoroughly with the contents of this book, will, as numerous experiments have proved:

1. Acquire complete knowledge of the structure of language;
2. Be able to designate any sentence of any book by name at a glance;
3. Be able to declare with equal rapidity its proper punctuation;
4. Be able to declare, and with sufficient practice, to give its proper delivery.

Such are a few of the general characteristics of the series of school books which the publishers now offer to the friends and patrons of a sound common school and academic education.

N. B. The punctuation in all these books conforms to the sense and proper delivery of every sentence, and is a guide to both. When a departure from the proper punctuation occurs, the proper delivery is indicated. As reading books are usually punctuated, it is a matter of surprise that children should learn to read it at all.

\* \* \* The above series of Reading Books are already very extensively introduced and commended by the most experienced Teachers in the country. "Prof. Mandeville's system is eminently original, scientific, and practical, and destined, wherever it is introduced, to supersede at once all others."

☞ A large discount made from the above prices.

## Church Music.

THE BAY STATE COLLECTION of Church Music, by Johnson, Osgood and Hill. For sale by L. W. MALL.

## Paper Hangings, Window Shades, &c.

JUST received a new assortment of Figured and Plain Window Curtains, Paper Hangings and Borders, which are sold at low cash prices by  
October 10, 1849. B. R. PECK & Co.

## A NEW VOLUME!

### THE LITERARY UNION:

A JOURNAL OF PROGRESS.

"Independent in everything."

THE Second Volume will commence on the 6th of October. All its present features of interest will be retained, and other and new ones, added. As a

### FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

It presents a large variety of choice Literature, avoiding every thing of a demoralizing tendency. Purity of tone will be a special aim. Details of crime, and every thing tending to excite morbid passions, will be rigidly excluded, from principle. Its careful condensations of NEWS, giving the valuable in small space and excluding the worthless, have won for it the warmest commendation.

### Education,

as the most important interest of the country;

### Religion and Politics,

independent of sect and party;

### Agriculture and Science,

as the greatest material agencies of the world;—these will be treated with the design of making them of practical utility.

### Our Original Department

Will be greatly improved, and embrace articles from the ablest writers, which cannot fail to enhance the value of the paper. The

### Literary Notices

will be prompt and impartial, giving the honest views of the editors, irrespective of favor.

In short, it will be devoted to the great interests of humanity, and therefore adapted to every circle. With such an object we claim the support of all who would encourage the growth of virtue and sustain its strongest agency—a pure Literature.

### THE LITERARY UNION,

Is issued every Saturday, in Royal Quarto form, of 16 pages, and a style of mechanical excellence unsurpassed by any similar periodical;—making each year, two elegant volumes.

TERMS.—Single subscriptions, \$2.00 a year.

### CLUBBING.

Five copies to one address,	- -	\$ 8.00
Ten " " " "	- -	15.00
Twenty " " " "	- -	25.00

and a

### ☞ FREE COPY ☞

to the person getting up the club! Payment always in advance.

### POSTMASTERS

are requested to act as agents.

### Active AGENTS wanted.

☞ City subscribers who prefer it, served by carrier at five cents per week.

All communications addressed, POST PAID, to

J. M. WINCHELL,

Proprietor.

### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

It is in the hands of intelligent and persevering men, and cannot fail to succeed.—*Syracuse Journal*. It professes to be "independent in everything," and evinces industry and capacity.—*Albany Argus*. It is got up in very attractive style—is ably conducted, well-filled, and guarantees a high tone of sentiment.—We should think it would become immensely popular.—*Excelsior*, (Boston.)

So far as our knowledge exists, it bears the palm from all the various journals in the West of our State.—*N. Y. Literary American*.

All these gentlemen—(editors and proprietors)—are favorably known in this city both as teachers and gentlemen of literary taste and attainments.—*Sy. Central City*.

A well-edited weekly paper.—*Phil. Sat. Post*.

Its Proprietor and Editors are young men of talents and thorough education. We know them to be capable of making a good paper.—*Troy Post*.

It gives decided evidence of taste and good judgment.—*N. Y. Organ*.

The editors are young gentlemen possessing a high order of talent, and capable of making up a paper of great value to the people. Such a paper is needed.—*Syracuse Revue*.

A choice variety of articles, well selected, admirably printed, and carefully arranged.—*N. Y. Christian Messenger*.

Its original articles are bold, manly and vigorous—its principles sound and well sustained, and its selections varied and interesting to all classes of reader.—*District School Journal*.

A literary journal rarely equaled in quality of matter and beauty of typography.—*American Mechanic*.

Those who read it will be enlightened and most agreeably entertained. We like the spirit of the paper, much.—*Water-Cure Journal*.

Unlike many other papers which on their advent into existence make large promises and fail to meet public expectation, the *Union* has been constantly improving.—It is a credit to the city and to Central New York; and we hope it may receive such a support as will render it a permanent accession to the literary and reformatory journals of the country, among which it has already attained an elevated position.—*Onondaga Standard*.

A handsomely printed and ably edited paper.—*N. Y. Eve Mirror*.

One of the very best papers of the kind in the country.—*Paris (Mo.) Mercury*.

Messrs. Winchell & Johnson are young men of great literary attainments, and eminently qualified for their undertaking, as this No. abundantly shows.—*Stark Co. (O.) Democrat*.

A valuable work, and one that will bear comparison with any of the eastern publications.—*Lawrence (Pa.) Journal*.

A large and beautiful quarto sheet, edited with much ability. "Old Syracuse, the boasted Central City" of our State, is well represented abroad in her literary character by such a journal.—*N. Y. Pathfinder*.

One of the best literary papers with which we have become acquainted. In short, it is just what its name implies, the *LITERARY UNION*.—*Cortland Co. Express*.

We hesitate not in saying, it is not to be surpassed either in its original, selected or miscellaneous department.—*Rhinebeck Gazette*.

A beautiful and well executed weekly.—Every No. contains selections and original matter well adapted to popular literary reading, highly entertaining and instructive. It is just what the Public need to elevate the standard of intellectual improvement.—*Eclectic Medical Journal*.

The conductors are gentlemen who feel a strong interest in education. Their enterprise, therefore, appeals to all who feel a like interest.—*Rochester American*.

An excellent journal. It mingles the useful, the ornamental, and the amusing, in an admirable manner. The articles, original and selected, evince taste and judgement, while a vein of pure morality moves through the whole. The Editors seem to think that Literature has higher aims than merely to amuse and entertain; that it should tend to elevate and improve—to make men wiser and better.—*Pittsburgh Sat. Visitor*.

It is conducted with spirit and bids fair to go ahead.—*Norway (Me.) Advertiser*.

It shows much editorial tact and ability.—*State Signal, (Me.)*

### Syracuse Market, Oct. 24.

[Corrected weekly for the Literary Union.]

Wheat, bu. ....	\$1,00 a 1,06	Wool lb. ....	20a28
Flour, bbl. ....	5,00 a 5,25	Hay ton. ....	6,00 a 8,00
Indian Meal, cwt. ....	1 25	Fine Salt bbl. ....	.81
Corn, bu. ....	.56	Solar. ....	1,75
Oats, ....	.30 a .31	Bag 20 lbs. ....	.10
Barley, ....	.45 a .48	" 28 " ....	.14
Rye, ....	.48	Salt bbls. ....	.22
Potatoes, ....	.38 a .44	Flour, ....	.26
Onions, ....	.50	Sheep Pelts. ....	50a1,00
Beans, ....	.75 a .88	Lamb Skins. ....	40a75
Apples, ....	.38 a .50	Hard Wood cord. ....	4,00
Dried Apples, ....		Soft Do. ....	1,75a2,25
Butter, lb. ....	15 a 16	Beef on foot. ....	4,00a4,50
Cheese, ....	.5a6	Pork cwt. ....	5,00a5,50
Lard, ....	.7a8	" bbl. ....	12,50a14,00
Chickens, ....	.10	Hams, ....	7a0
Eggs, doz. ....	.13 a .14	Shoulders, ....	.5a6

WM. C. TRIMLETT, PRINTER.